

ADDRESS _____
CITY _____

JEWEL ROBBERY MYSTERY.

NO TRACE OF DAYLIGHT THIEVES.

In spite of exhaustive inquiries by Scotland Yard no clues have been found of the perpetrators of a jewel robbery which was committed in broad daylight in the heart of Hatton Garden, the London centre of diamond merchants.

The jewels, worth some thousands of pounds, were stolen from the second floor of a house occupied by Mr. Wm. Nachen, a manufacturing jeweller, and others.

Two safes, both containing valuables, were in rooms which had been locked for three hours during the afternoon. Everything was in order till a few hours later, when a cleaner discovered the rooms had been ransacked.

The thieves gained admission, it is thought, by means of a false key. They then tackled the larger safe, which was found empty, with the lock cut open.

The thieves went away evidently in haste, for they left behind a number of implements.

Any noise which the operations caused was either unheard or mistaken for exterior sounds by the other people in the building.

Mr. Nachen stated yesterday that he has not at the moment been able to estimate the total value of the property stolen, but he hopes to do so in the course of a few days.

PRISON FOR PESTS.

PROTECTING YOUNG WOMEN WORKERS.

Of late there has been an increase in the police courts in the number of offences by men against young women engaged in London offices, the culprits being persons with access to, or engaged on, the premises, and police authorities are giving special attention to the subject.

At the Tower Bridge Court yesterday, when a young man was charged with an offence in which two young women office-workers were the complainants, Mr. Waddy, the magistrate, addressing accused, said:

"So that I might be careful to deal with you, owing to your demeanour in the dock, I caused you to be motionally examined. The medical report is that you are a normal man, that you know quite well what you are doing."

"The young women of London, especially those who are engaged in work in offices and elsewhere, must and shall be protected against pests like you."

"I have listened to your mother's pleading on your behalf, and I cannot allow that to influence me. I am convinced that you are normal, and I sentence you to a month's imprisonment with hard labour."

POLITICAL STRAIN AT LICHFIELD.

UNIONIST JUSTIFIES PARTY ACTION.

Sir Courtenay Warner's letter to Lichfield Unionist Association, in which he hinted at resignation because the Unionists had chosen another prospective candidate, has brought matters nearer to a head. Sir Courtenay is the National Liberal M.P. for Lichfield division.

Liberals are pained. "I thought he was our member," said one well-known Liberal. "I am unable to understand Sir Courtenay's attitude," he added, "an outsider might get the impression that he is the representative of the Unionist Party in Parliament."

The Conservative Association will not have the letter under official consideration until Tuesday.

It is, however, the opinion of a leading Unionist in the division that Sir Courtenay Warner has not fulfilled some of the pledges he gave at the last election. The Conservative Party, said this speaker, was quite justified in taking independent action.

The letter that has caused the split was addressed to Mr. Arthur Chetwynd, chairman of the local Unionist Association. In it Sir Courtenay said: "I am thinking that, having ceased to represent the Unionists in the division, it would be better that I should resign at once, and offer myself for re-election."

The figures at the last election were: Sir T. C. Warner (N.L.)... 10,564 W. J. French (Lab.)... 9,316

Majority... 1,278

HIT-AND-RUN.

DETECTIVE'S LONG-DISTANCE CHASE AFTER PRISONER.

On a London warrant charging him with larceny, a man named Cronk was arrested by the Sevenoaks police and handed over to a London detective.

While taking a ticket at the railway station the officer was struck violently in the face by Cronk, who decamped. Giving chase, the detective fell on some rough stones in the station yard and severely cut himself, but, throwing off his coat, he continued the pursuit.

After going about half a mile the man was seen by a workman on a building, who had heard the detective shouting, and joining in the chase he managed to catch up the runaway and trip him, holding him down until the detective arrived.

LOVE'S GAMBLER GOES BACK TO DEVIL'S ISLAND.

CONVICT'S WEIRD FASCINATION OVER SOCIETY WOMEN.

After a life of adventure in different parts of the world, Pascal Barrie, a Frenchman, who exercised a strange fascination over women of all classes of society, has gone back to Devil's Island, that terrible penal settlement from which he escaped in daring fashion.

With the bravado typical of the man, Barrie told the Ten o'clock magistrates the full details of his astonishing career, how he posed as a marquis, how he became a society lion, and how he broke the hearts of the women he wooed.

(FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.)

A story stranger than fiction has just been told to the magistrates at Toulouse.

The narrator was Pascal Barrie, one of the few men who have escaped from Devil's Island and lived to tell the tale—Devil's Island is off the unhealthy poison-swamp coasts of French Guiana, in Central America.

Barrie is young. He has the handsome face of a matinee idol, and the figure of an Argentine tango dancer. Wherever he has gone he has won hearts. He has accepted the love of his fascinated victims and also their money. And it is one of these adventures in gallantry that has led to his undoing and his return to the penal settlement that even rogues mention in a whisper of awe.

This year he returned, after adventures in different parts of the world, to his home town of Montauban, a tranquil city in the south-west of France.

HIS ESCAPE.

There he made the acquaintance of a pretty girl, employed as a typist at the garrison, and quickly won her heart. She entrusted all her savings to him—some £25. And that was the last she saw of him until a few days ago, when, after she had complained to the police, he was traced to Toulouse, where he was found living in style, having assumed the title of "Marquis de Comminges."

Yet such was his power over the girl or such is her faith in him, that when the case was being heard she made a dramatic appearance in court, and, throwing back a heavy veil, declared that she had given him her money of her own free will, and that she regretted all that she had said before. Barrie was found not guilty of the theft, but was ordered back to Devil's Island to complete his sentence.

Pascal Barrie started his wayward career at an early age. When in his teens he deserted from the Army, and for that received two years' imprisonment.

In 1913 in the South of France, in a lonely place on a dark night, he held up a member of the Appeal Court, and with the threat of speedy death made him empty his pockets. He was caught, and received the heavy sentence of ten years' hard labour in Devil's Island.

For four years Barrie waited his time, plotting with fellow convicts, and making elaborate plans for escape. And one night, in 1917, when, owing to war exigencies, the guard was not so strong as usual, he got away. He hid in the swamps, and forced until, in a stolen boat, he made the mainland.

Travelling at night often fever-stricken, guided by natives, into whom he instilled the fear of death, he eventually crossed the frontier of French Guiana and reached Dutch territory.

On one occasion, in crossing a jungle river, he was snatched from the jaws of

THE PRIMROSE LEAGUE.

LONDON AND PROVINCIAL ACTIVITIES.

London.—The Central Office has arranged an open-air meeting on every Sunday afternoon at 3.30 in Hyde Park. Mr. E. Duran and Miss Nelson will be the speakers this afternoon.

Bishops Waltham.—The annual carnival was held at Swanmore Park yesterday. Colonel Nicholson, M.P., Major Randolph and Major Hamington (Grand Council) spoke. Miss Hasler, Exton Cottage, Bishops Waltham, Hanley, is the hon. secretary.

Headington (Glen).—A gala will take place next Thursday, August 16, at Bury Knowle. Miss Weeks will be the speaker. Information may be obtained from the secretary, Mrs. Tagg, Laurel Farm, Headington.

Matten.—West Pont annual fête was held yesterday, Lord Armstrong being the principal speaker. Lady Blackett is Dame President, and the hon. secretary is Mrs. Henry Maden, Newcastle-on-Tyne. This Habitation won the rose banner.

Tavistock.—A garden party will be held at Kelly Cottage, Tavistock, on Wednesday. Major Russell Stower, Provincial Agent, will deliver an address. The secretary is Mrs. Ferraton, Fairy Mead, Tavistock.

"SCANTY SKIRTS" AT TENNIS.

New Line of Attack on Women by Mr. Donald Clark.

Mr. Donald Clark, who last year poured scorn on young women bathers, has broken out again, but in a fresh direction. Vacating the beach for the more peaceful atmosphere of the tennis courts, he has compared the skin-tight bathing costume with the attire worn by the fair sex on the field of sport. He is shocked at what he describes as the audaciously low-cut jumpers and the "lawless freedom of scanty skirts."

He even compares young women tennis players with performing seas, and one wonders what he will say next.

LIFEBOAT'S 6 WEEKS' TOUR.

The New Brighton (Liverpool) lifeboat, one of the largest and most powerful vessels in the service, will leave Cowes to-morrow on a tour of 2,576 miles to the coast towns around the British Isles.

The lifeboat will proceed via Worthing, Folkestone, Dover, then up the East Coast, round Scotland and Ireland, and then across to Lifford, where the ship is expected to arrive on Sept. 25.

WHIZZING INTO SUNSHINE.

TEEMING HOLIDAY TRAFFIC RECORDS.

London holiday-makers were like marks yesterday—they could probably be most easily reckoned in millions. "Every time a fresh arrival enters the station," said a facetious porter at a big terminus, "a train gets pushed out the other end."

This explains why it was necessary to run so many trains on the more popular routes in triplicate, or even quadruplicate.

The brilliant weather, which had inspired even the weather clerk with a jaunty confidence, was at the back of the business. Conditions were, for August, ideal, any tendency on the part of the sun to overdo it in the way of geniality being compensated by fanning breezes which brought "coolth" even into the busy city streets.

The further outlook is something to look out for! "Fine and very warm for several days in the South-East area of Great Britain."

Yesterday's temperatures, which showed little variation on those of the previous day, were as follows:—

	Yesterday.	Friday.
8 a.m.	64	65
10 a.m.	68	69
11 a.m.	70	70
Noon	72	73
1 p.m.	74	73
2 p.m.	74	74

The week-end rush went with a whim from beginning to end, and traffic records vanished out of sight before the out-going and in-coming crowds.

COMMANDER DUCKED.

COURT SEQUEL TO BATHING POOL COMEDY.

A comedy at Cleethorpes bathing pool had a police court sequel yesterday, when Commander Henry Cunningham Pike, R.N., retired, charged George W. Parker, a Sheffield holiday-maker, with assault.

Commander Pike explained that he dived into the bathing pool and swam out to a float, about which a number of swimmers were playing. He desired to rest on the float, but the swimmers turned it over in such a way that in falling it struck him a heavy blow. He protested, but defendant seized him by the throat and ducked him three times until he was almost drowned.

Defendant said the naval commander used vile language. "If ducking a man to wash out his mouth after using vile language is an assault I suppose I am guilty," he said. Mr. Pike denied using bad language. The case was dismissed.

LEFT AT HOSPITAL.

Injured Boy Set Down by Mysterious Motor.

A motor-car drove up to the Victoria Hospital, Worksop, Notts, while the matron was in the operating theatre.

Later she found that the car and its occupants had departed, but had left a little boy who was suffering from a broken ankle.

No details as to how the injury was received or of the boy's identity were available, and his inability to account for himself suggests a feeble mind.

It is assumed that the boy was either found injured on the road or was knocked down by the motor-car.

CONTINENTAL SPA IN ESSEX.

£75,000 Development Scheme for Vange Springs.

Extensive plans are in preparation for the erection of a new hydro at Vange, in Essex, where medicinal springs were recently discovered.

Many semi-miraculous cures are attributed to the Vange springs, which have attracted pilgrims from all over England.

A Westcliff firm of architects, it is stated, have been appointed to design the buildings, upon which a sum of £75,000 is to be spent.

The scheme as outlined in the preliminary stages, provides for a fully equipped hydro incorporating the best English and Continental features, with facilities for concerts, golf, tennis and other recreations.

COTTON BOUNDS UP.

U.S. Alarmed by Continuance of Drought.

New York, Saturday.

Cotton to-day advanced 100 points.

"Shorts" were alarmed by the continuation of the South-West drought, and private reports giving crop conditions at 62.2, a loss of five points since July. Trading was quiet, but sellers were scarce.—Reuter.

CHILDREN MUST NOT SCRUB!

EXIT "BUMBLEBOM" AT GREENWICH.

Greenwich has done away with "Bumblebom," according to Mrs. Amos, a member of the Guardians, who, on her proposition, voted that no child of school age should be allowed to scrub floors in any of the Board's institutions. Mrs. Amos told the Board she had found that boys had to scrub the day schoolrooms on Saturdays at the Guardians' Sileup Home.

To "The People" Mrs. Amos, who is the wife of the rector of Rotherhithe, told how the facts had come to light.

"The children," she said, "were given an essay to write on how they had spent a certain holiday. One girl wrote: 'I scrubbed in the morning; I scrubbed when I came back. And when her essay was read out she burst into tears.'

"We have abolished what I hope is the last remnant of 'Bumblebom' in Greenwich."

"For Bumblebom it is! I attach no blame to any officer of the home. All are most kind and considerate officials. It is the system that is to blame."

"I am strongly in favour of sound household training for all children, but this scrubbing at what I may call the 'springing-up' age is degrading and should be done by paid assistants."


Mr. Amos said that he felt that no Guardians or philanthropic home in charge of the children should exploit child labour. He thought the Ministry of Health should make a general inquiry into the matter throughout the country.

MAN SAVES EXPRESS.

Rush to Signal Box after Finding Rail Broken.

How a Marylebone to Manchester express was saved from disaster was reported in the "Rugby Advertiser."

A ganger named Beasley was examining the main line near Charwelton Station, when he found one of the rails broken. Knowing that the Manchester express was due in a few minutes, Beasley hurried to the nearest signal box and was in time to stop the train at Woodford pending repairs to the line.



Free Pattern

BOY'S PYJAMAS
(24-32 years)

GIVEN AWAY THIS WEEK

LADY'S COMPANION
ON SALE EVERYWHERE, AUGUST 12th. TELEPHONE: 1111. If you are unable to obtain a copy, send 6d. to Queen's Magazine, Ltd., 111, Strand, London, W.C.2.

That Longed-for Relief comes to stay when Blood is cleansed with

Clarke's Blood Mixture


It cures: Bad Legs, Abscesses, Ulcers, Piles, Gout, Rheumatism, etc.

1/2 per bottle. Six bottles 5/6. Write for free literature.


DARE I MARRY?

Those who have at any time suffered from Venereal Diseases should consult a doctor before marriage. This can be done at the nearest hospital Clinic. If you do not know the address apply to the Hon. Medical Secretary, National Council for Combating Venereal Diseases, 102a, Dean Street, Oxford Street, London, W.1, from whom can also be obtained free information in strict confidence.

Everyone should possess the "Venereal Library." (7 books on sexual subjects), 1s. 3d. the set, post free.



Meltis Supreme Assorted CHOCOLATES



Carter's Little Liver Pills
keep your liver busy and active

If the liver is right you will always be cheery and well. The first thing a doctor always asks about is the bowels. Carter's keep the bowels in good order. Don't wait to be bilious. Keep Carter's Little Liver Pills handy and stop the first symptoms of bile. Good for Children. But be sure they are Carter's.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.
GENUINE must bear signature.

Bron Food



Rinso

inside & Roses outside—the wash-house door.

WORK is pleasant and the clothes are fragrant when Rinso does the washing, for there is no hard work—you have just to soak and rinse the clothes—while Rinso makes them clean and sweet without the waste and bother of boiling. There is nothing more simple than the Rinso way of washing. Why wear yourself out on wash-day when Rinso will do the work while you sleep? Why waste coal in the copper fire when Rinso will wash in cold water? Make wash-day an easy day—in the Rinso way. Put the clothes to soak in cold water with Rinso overnight; rinse and hang to dry in the morning. That's all!

SOLD IN PACKETS (TWO SIZES) EVERYWHERE
By all Grocers, Stores, Oilmen, Chandlers, etc.

THE COLD WATER WASHER.
R. S. HUDSON LIMITED,
LIVERPOOL, WEST BROMWICH AND LONDON.

LONDON BREVITIES.

"Channel Swim" is Prebendary Carle's topic this evening at the Monument Cinema Church.

Only the walls were left standing of the Wells Club, Old Bond-st., where a fire raged yesterday.

It is expected that the reconstruction of Westminster Station, which was begun in January, will be complete by about the end of September.

Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, inhabitants of East Ham for 30 years, and whose respective ages are 72 and 70, have just celebrated their golden wedding.

The King having approved the creation of the new parish of St. George's, East Ham, the Rev. R. E. Wallcut, of Holy Trinity, Harrow Green, will be in charge.

Reggie Jeal, 9, of Ormeau-rd., Harlesden, ran off the path on a scooter in Lower Addiscombe-rd., Croydon, and was killed by a passing motor-car.

A young woman, Miss Norah Thorne, of Fox-lane, Palmers Green, N., fell in front of an incoming train at Lambeth North Tube station and was instantly killed.

Knocked down in Stratford Broadway by a motor-car in which Mr. George Lansbury, M.P., was travelling, a young woman named Hilda Ward, was cut and bruised.

Well known at the "Spurs" ground at Tottenham, where he controlled the crowds, Sub-Div. Inspector Trundle is retiring from the Metropolitan Police after 30 years' service.

The man Agent who was found on Monday afternoon with his wife, both with their throats cut, at 102, Lillingstone, Pimlico, S.W., died yesterday in St. Thomas's Hospital. It is expected that the woman will recover.

PARISH TO BE SUMMONED.

Alleged to be £528 in arrears to Rates to Guardians.

The parish of Llanwrn, Mon., is to be summoned at Newport County Police Court to show cause why distress should not be levied against its goods. The date fixed for the hearing is August 25.

Llanwrn is alleged to be £528 in arrears in rates owing to Newport Board of Guardians.

NO PASSPORTS REQUIRED.

The day trips to Dieppe organized by the Southern Railway allow visitors 34 hours in the French resort. The boats sail every Tuesday and Thursday from August 23, leaving Newhaven 5.15 a.m. and Brighton at 9.10 a.m. No passports are required.

To meet the demand for accommodation, the 7.45 p.m. dining and sleeping car express from King's Cross to Scotland to-day will be duplicated.

ACIDITY THE CAUSE OF INDIGESTION.

Once get rid of acidity, and away go indigestion, gastritis, or whatever form your stomach trouble may take. To banish harmful stomach acidity it is only necessary to take a simple antacid product known as Bismarck. This preparation stops all traces of acid fermentation the instant it enters the stomach; it prevents even the possibility of pain and ensures that your food will do you good. Doctors recommend Bismarck. Hospitals use it, and grateful people everywhere recommend it in the hope that others will be spared the torture that they once endured. Let it help you—any chemist can supply this remedy at 3d. a package in either powder or tablet form. When buying be sure to see the word Bismarck on the wrapper if you want the one SURE remedy for your stomach disorder.

IN GREAT AGONY FROM ECZEMA

Burned Terribly. Hair Fell Out. Had to Have It Cut Off. Cuticura Heals.

"I had a lot of hard lumps of scaly dandruff on my scalp which went away and wet eczema broke out. I was in great agony with it. As soon as I laid my head on my pillow it burned terribly. My hair started to fall out and I had to have it cut off."

"I read an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample. I purchased more, and when I had used two boxes of Soap and two boxes of Ointment I was healed." (Signed) Mrs. Wade, 44 Wells St., Poplar, London E. 14, Eng.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment are ideal for every-day toilet uses.

Send 10c for Cuticura Soap and Ointment to S. J. L. & Co., Ltd., 10, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4. Also for full details and price list of Cuticura Soap and Ointment.



That feeling of DEPRESSION is a warning to you

Depression—low spirits—fatigue—is a warning to you that you are expending your vitality quicker than you are replacing it.

Heed this warning. Let Wincarnis give you new strength, new rich, red blood, new nerve force and new vitality.

Remember that Wincarnis is a Tonic, a Restorative, a Blood-builder and a Nerve invigorator—all in one.

That is why over 10,000 Doctors recommend



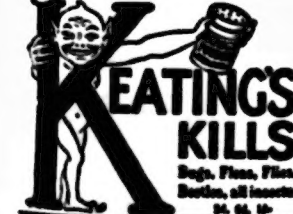
HAVE YOU A BAD LEG?

With wounds or otherwise perhaps surrounded with inflammation, and when you press your finger on the affected part an impressive reminder! If so, under the skin you have poison which defies all the remedies you have tried. You know may be swollen, the joints being affected, the same with the ankle, round which the skin is discoloured. The disease if allowed to continue may deprive you of the power to walk. Perhaps you have been told your case is hopeless and advised to submit to amputation. But do not. The great English remedy

GRASSHOPPER OINTMENT & PILLS

will cure you. Read at once to your Chemist for this wonderful remedy. Prices 1/2 & 3/6. All sufferers from Bad Legs, Housemaid's knee, Abscess, glandular swellings, Carbuncles, Pilonidal Sinus, and Wounds should immediately try Grasshopper Ointment.

Albert and Co. (P.) 36, North Road, London, N.7.



EATINGS' KILLS
Bugs, Fleas, Flies, Beetles, all insects
The only flow saving water
and money. Ask for it at
KATINGS, 10, LONDON, W.1.

PORTSMOUTH FIRM FOR CAYZER.

WOMEN'S SUPPORT. COMIC PICTURE OF LIBERAL "PARTY."

CANDIDATES.
Major Herbert Cayzer (U.).
Lieut.-Gen. Sir Henry Lawson (Lib.).
Polling: To-morrow.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

Portsmouth, Saturday.
The liveliest interest is being taken in the by-election in South Portsmouth, where polling takes place on Monday.

In this last round both sides are hard at it.
There is now a good prospect of a big Conservative majority.

At Kingsley Hall, where Major Cayzer held a mass meeting, a rousing speech in support of his candidature was made by Mr. F. A. Macquisten, K.C.

Though nobody forgets that at the last election the Liberal candidate was beaten by Major Cayzer by the huge majority of 10,750 votes, nobody is taking anything for granted. Every effort must be made in these last hours of the contest; and I see everywhere indications that every effort is being made.

The Prime Minister has sent this encouraging message to Major Cayzer:

"I trust that the electors of South Portsmouth, men and women alike, will recognise the importance of recording their votes in the forthcoming contest, notwithstanding difficulties created by the holiday season."

Grave problems are confronting the country at the present time. It is the intention of the Government to face them calmly and, mindful both of the national interests and ties of sympathy, to persist steadfastly in their endeavours to find a satisfactory solution.

I send you my best wishes for success in the fight which you are conducting with such energy and ability.

Two thousand people assembled at the King's Theatre, Southsea, in support of Major Cayzer.

Mr. H. N. Casson, editor of the "Efficiency Magazine," completely captured the audience, and roused them to great enthusiasm.

The fun began when Mr. Casson came to criticise the Liberal Party. He said it grabbed at this and that. It was like the old clock. When the hands pointed to 3.15 and the bell struck eight, it really meant to tell all and sundry that it was quarter past.

All over England the women and workers were joining the Conservative Party, and what the women and the workers wanted they would have.

The Conservative Party was the only party that knew what it wanted.

Major Cayzer, he said, had done much to build up ship-repairing work and had brought one million pounds' worth of work to Portsmouth.

As the result of special arrangements for reaching all Service voters the percentage of votes likely to be lost through ballot papers being returned is regarded as negligible.

A tour of the constituency reveals the prospect of hearty support for Major Cayzer, who is not only solidly backed by the women voters, but also by ex-Service men and various local organisations.

STABBED IN HER SLEEP.

Man Charged With Attempted Murder.

Stating that he had nothing to say and no witnesses to call, Geo. Hy. Morris (60), a labourer, of Webbs Cottages, Blenheim-rd., Holloway, was at North London Court yesterday sent for trial charged with attempting to murder his wife, Ellen, by stabbing her in the neck with a table-knife.

Mrs. Morris, who was in a weak condition, was now able to give evidence, and, speaking in a low tone, she stated that accused entered the bedroom and asked her to read a letter from his employer. After she had done so accused went downstairs and she fell asleep.

The next she remembered was seeing accused stand by the bedside with a knife in his hand. His threatening attitude alarmed her, and to guard her throat she seized the blade of the knife in one hand, and, jumping out of bed, broke the window with the other, but did not remember receiving any blow.

She sank to the ground and accused threw away the knife, which was covered with blood. Feeling about her neck she discovered a gaping wound, after which accused left the house, saying, "Now I'll give myself up." Later she ran into the street to her daughter's house, and the police conveyed her to the hospital.

THIS MORNING'S LATEST LINES.

Mrs. Elizabeth Mattingley, for many years headmistress of Holy Trinity School, Margate, was found dead with her head in a gas oven at her house in Band-rd., yesterday.

During the hearing of a desertion case from the White Star liner *Homeric*, at Southampton yesterday, it was stated that on the same voyage 25 firemen and eight trimmers "skipped" the ship, and the company had to pay a bonus of £2 each to the remaining 34 firemen and trimmers to carry on.

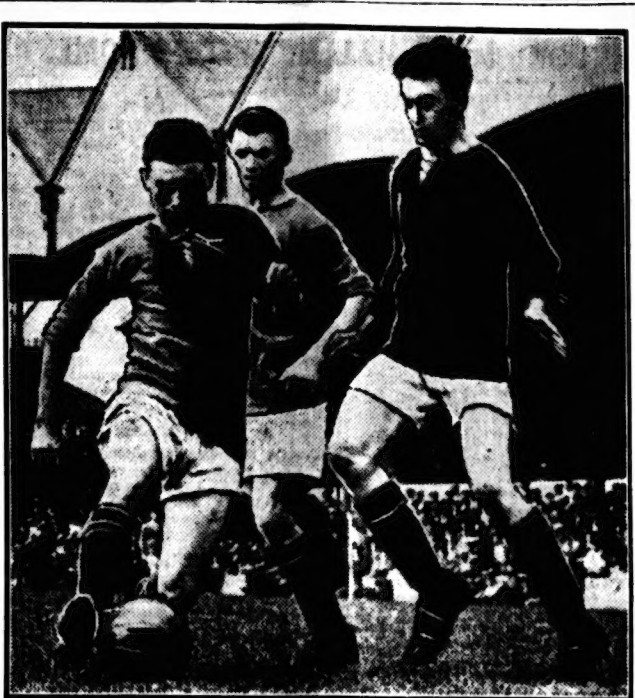
Seven thousand children were entertained yesterday at the Cotswold by the Cotswold Society, marching into the town from all parts of Leicestershire and districts to the music of five bands for a huge picnic in the Society's fields.

Died in Street.—Mr. Joseph Clansfield, a Bath tradesman, had a fatal seizure yesterday in Southgate-st., Bath, while on his way to the railway station to meet his daughter on her return home from a holiday.

Where Thomas a Becket Lived.—Hendon Rural Council propose to acquire, as a recreation ground, Headstone Mount Farm, Harrow, formerly the residence of Thomas a Becket and of many succeeding Archbishops of Canterbury.

Free.—This is still a free country and even a drunken man has a right to the King's Highway, said the coroner (Mr. E. Hutchings), returning a verdict of "accidental death," at an inquest at Newton Abbot (Devon) on Frank Tucker, who was killed by a motor-car.

BABY'S CHARMING LAYETTE or New Borns Dressing Gown, by J. G. GUYER, Ltd., 10, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.



First kicks of the 1923-24 football campaign. A "Blue" back robs a "Red" player of the ball in the Arsenal's practice game yesterday at Highbury.

GREAT LYONS FIRE.

GOETHE RELICS AMONG FAIR EXHIBITS BURNED.

Paris, Saturday Night.
A great fire at Lyons, caused by the explosion of petrol for motor-cars, has completely destroyed several houses, the damage being estimated at more than 4,000,000 francs.

The principal damage was at a warehouse in which were stored the Austro-German goods displayed at the Lyons Fair in 1914, and which were sequestered at the beginning of the war.

Most of the boxes in which the goods were stored were destroyed. Among the articles lost were some invaluable souvenirs from the house in which Goethe was born and which were shown at the exhibition.—Exchange.

TRUNK TRICK.

NOVEL METHODS EMPLOYED BY HOTEL THIEF.

Scotland Yard is looking for the perpetrator of impudent thefts from a London hotel, carried out with the aid of a taxi-cab.

The method adopted was somewhat novel, for on the pretext of entering the hotel to take up residence the thief collected a number of trunks belonging to visitors and drove away.

The following description of the wanted man was issued last night:—Age 35 to 40, fair hair, clean shaven, slim build, talks with an American accent.

When last seen he was wearing a dark suit and bowler hat.

WANTED A LONGER JOURNEY.

Man's Trip to London from Wigan in Effort to Get Hanged.

"It's no use going any further; I haven't murdered anyone."

After being brought to London from Wigan by detectives through a gruesome "confession" of having murdered a woman with a Turkish knife, and buried victim and knife together in a London suburb, George Jones (27), was "guiding" the officers to the supposed grave, when he made the statement quoted above.

It was found that there was no truth in his confession, and he was taken back to Wigan. The girl he mentioned is alive and well.

He said he told the story because he was tired of life, and thought he would be hanged if he told a tale of murder.

On charges of theft and false pretences he was sent to gaol for three months by the Wigan magistrates.

Jones said he had been buried alive in the war, had ten shrapnel wounds, and was also wounded in the leg and arm.

250 Animals Destroyed.—An outbreak of foot and mouth disease near Alton, Hants, was confirmed yesterday, and the Ministry of Agriculture ordered the slaughter of a large herd. Since the epidemic began three weeks ago, 250 animals have been destroyed in Hampshire.

PARTED HUSBAND'S SUICIDE.

At a Hammersmith inquest yesterday on her husband, Mrs. Holt, of St. Olaf-rd., Notting Dale, said that although living in the same block of buildings she had not been cohabiting with her husband for several years, having left him owing to some trouble with another woman.

Evidence showed that the man, Henry Holt, aged 62, committed suicide on his bed by cutting his throat with a butcher's knife. Holt hurt his back last Christmas while lifting a heavy article, and had since been out of work.

NATURE'S HIGHEST GIFT.

IS IT SIGHT? A HELPLESS MAN AND THE JOY OF LIFE.

(From a Correspondent.)

There was once an old man who seemingly had nothing to cause him happiness. He was poor, very poor; his legs were useless clay and his arms were held for ever to his side in paralytic seizure.

Yet his happiness was as radiant as the sunshine. Folk passing down the village street lingered to talk with him, and went on their way marveling how one whom fate had smitten so grievously could smile the day through and pass on his gift to others.

"Why are you so happy, fettered as you are?" they asked him.

"Because I see," he replied. "I have light. I understand. God is always speaking to me through the flowers, the trees, the sunshine, and through my fellowmen. True, I am robbed of movement, and wealth is a stranger to me, but I can see."

"In sight I have the greatest of all gifts—the link that keeps me in touch with the world, that brings knowledge to my mind, that holds me back from taking a step towards the grave. It is my life."

It was truly spoken. How lightly we take the gift of sight until circumstance impresses upon us its value by taking it from us. It is the magic key which opens to us manifold pleasures. We see our loved ones, we drink in the beauty of the world, we are independent as we walk on our daily rounds, and we enjoy the splendours of Nature as she unfolds for us her panorama of colour throughout the year.

Yet we take it all as a matter of course. Sight is life. Through it we appreciate the very quintessence of the sunshine, the warmth of human friendship, the symbolism of human being.

Think, just for a moment, of that other world, the cold dark realms of boundless nothingness—and then turn up your eyes to the sky and say "Thank you."

GLEES ON THE WATER.

Delights of Windsor Carnival and Eton Regatta.

In glorious weather Windsor Carnival, which took place yesterday on the occasion of the Eton Excelsior Regatta, was a great attraction. The regatta was followed by concert. Everyone in the ancient town joined in the festivities.

The river was crowded with boats, which were full of spectators of the excellent racing.

An attractive feature of the concert was the singing of the Railway Clearing House Choir. They sailed down the river in the New Windsor Castle, and their selection of glees and madrigals was greatly appreciated.

In the evening there was a procession of decorated and illuminated boats.

KILLED BY HORSE.

GROOM THROWN AND KICKED IN ROADWAY.

Fred Berry, chief studgroom to Mr. Raymond Courage, of Shenfield-pl., Brentwood, was killed yesterday by a hunter.

Berry, with two other grooms, was bringing a new hunter from the train at Shenfield Station and they had got it into the road. The horse was in an excited state, and lashed out wildly. It almost broke away, but Berry gamely held on.

He was thrown down and kicked in the face and chest, injuries being inflicted which caused his death in a few minutes.

Mr. Courage is a well-known hunting man in Essex, and is a former master of the Essex Union Hunt.

NON-STOP RAILWAY.

Two to Fifty Miles an Hour in Trains that Never Halt.

Thousands of week-end visitors inspected the new "never-stop" railway in the Kersall grounds at Southend yesterday.

This new attraction is, incidentally, a scientific experiment and is one of the most ambitious attempts ever made to solve the "traffic problem" and is engaging the attention of engineers the world over. It is one of the schemes selected by the Municipality of Paris for consideration.

The principle of the railway is that the trains pass through the stations at a speed of a little over two miles an hour, enabling passengers to board them as they pass. Within a hundred yards of leaving a station, the speed is increased to nearly 50 miles an hour. These wonderful braking and acceleration powers are operated by electricity.

TRAIN IN FLAMES.

A first-class carriage of a train standing on a siding near Highfield School, half a mile from Chertsey, Surrey, was found on fire yesterday. One compartment was burnt out and other compartments were damaged.

The cause of the fire is unknown.

TODAY'S MUSIC IN THE PARKS.

Bands will play in the parks to-day as follows:—

Green Park—Coldstream Guards, 6 to 8 p.m.
Hyde Park—Royal Horse Guards, 7.30 to 9.30 p.m.
Royal Parks—3 to 5 p.m., and 6.30 to 9 p.m.
Greenwich Park—R.N.V. Reserves, 3 to 5 p.m. and 6.30 to 9 p.m.
Regent's Park—1st Surrey Reserves, 3 to 5 p.m. and 6.30 to 9 p.m.
Richmond Park—Fulham Prize, 3.30 to 5.30 p.m. and 6.30 to 8.30 p.m.
Kensington Gardens—Kensington Volunteers, 3 to 5 p.m. and 6 to 8 p.m.

Mr. A. Buchanan, J.P. (the "Workers' Searchlight") will address the Portsmouth Brotherhood to-day at 3 p.m., on "Brotherhood's Challenge."

NATIVE MODESTY OF MAN.

NO TASTE FOR FANCY BATHING DRESSES.

Do men bother about what kind of bathing dresses they don?

"Men's Wear" has been dropping a sartorial thunderbolt again in declaring that they do, and the average male, with his dislike for anything flashy or showy in his dress, is up in arms.

A correspondent of "The People" who has made inquiries finds that men generally are shy when purchasing bathing costumes. In nine cases out of ten they dash in the shop, murmur "Bathing suit—medium man," plunk down the price and make a hurried exit. One rarely hears them dallying over the pattern or asking for a multi-coloured creation.

"The plain blue costume is the most popular," said an assistant in a large Holborn store, "although occasionally a man asks for red one. Red, I think, has a great attraction for men. At times they feel as if they want to break out in revolt against the orthodox, but I expect in the end their courage fails them, and they stick to the blue."

"Applications for two-piece suits? Why, yes, and mostly from married men who have fixed ideas on the modesty of the occasion. You cannot call that a fad, can you?"

"I remember one young wife who bought a costume for her husband. She wanted him to look smart, so in the end she selected a lady's costume which she said she was going to alter. I wonder if he wore it."

LAMBETH MURDER.

COOL DEMEANOUR OF NEPHEW ACCUSED OF CRIME.

Twenty-six years of age, slim, pallid and thin of face, Frederick William Maximilian Jesse, a gardener by trade, was at the Tower Bridge Police Court yesterday committed for trial to the Sessions charged with the wilful murder of his aunt, Mabel Jennings Edmunds, aged 50.

The partly dismembered body of Mrs. Edmunds was found at the theatrical lodging-house which she kept in York-rd., Lambeth.

Jesse, who had lodged for some months at the house, was said to have owed her considerable sums of money.

Jesse seemed completely unconcerned during the hearing of the gruesome evidence, and only once showed signs of having listened to the statements against him.

This was when the principal witness, Mrs. Morris, said that at five o'clock on July 21, the day of the murder, she heard Mrs. Edmunds' voice.

"No, you did not," interrupted Jesse. "She was dead at 4.30."

Detective-Inspector Cooper said, in evidence, that it would be impossible to say from the appearance of the room whether a struggle had taken place. He found a police whistle on the piano.

Here's the answer Use Cow & Gate Milk Food

To the Editor of the "Daily Express".
Sir,—I have read with horror the statement made this week by Dr. Boodman (tuberculosis officer of the East Riding) that "Milk when it reaches the consumer is the filthiest drink we know."
As a housewife and mother, I am frankly startled. And I am sure that if other housewives were to give the matter a moment's reflection they would all feel the same as I.
When I go shopping I have a sense of official procedure, for I know that housewives are prosecuted and heavily fined if they offer to me goods unfit for human consumption. But one milk is brought to my door daily in a filthy state. "It is the filthiest drink we know," says Dr. Boodman. All doctors declare that it contains many millions of microbes per teaspoonful, and that ordinary boiling neither kills them nor cleans the milk.
But what are we to do? We women are often advised that the best way to keep a husband to feed him well. That doesn't mean poison him! Yet apparently that is what we are doing every time we pour out his tea.
We are also everlastingly reminded—as though our mother nature were lost to us—that we must take every care of our children, as badly needed by the State, and must feed them rationally. And yet every day we mothers are encouraged to give them a filthy milk, containing millions of disease-producing microbes, down their little throats.
But what else is a wife and mother to do?
FLORA MARQUESS.
34, Bedford Court Mansions, London, W.C.1.

Ordinary milk teems with germs, and one house in every ten receives daily, liquid milk containing germs of consumption.

Are you feeding your Baby on such food?

Every right-thinking Mother will act immediately. The solution is—use COW & GATE MILK FOOD for every nursery and domestic milk purpose.

It is clean milk, rich milk, only milk, which undergoes a process of drying immediately it is given by the cow. This process purifies it, and destroys any harmful germs which exist.

COMPARE Ordinary liquid COW & GATE milk contains 5,000,000 Bacteria per c.c. MILK FOOD is PURE MILK.

Which will you use for your Baby?

Of all Chemists, 1/6, 2/9, 7/9 per Tin. Awarded the Certificate of The INSTITUTE OF HYGIENE

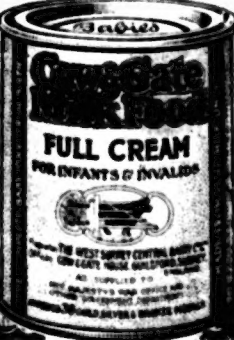
COUPON FOR FREE SAMPLE

Write your name and address on this coupon, post to us, and we will send you free a miniature tin of COW & GATE MILK FOOD.

Dept. 76

Dept. 76, COW & GATE HOUSE, GUILDFORD, SURREY.

Babies Love it!



Conducted by "Mimi."

Children, too, should be "broken in" to the joys of saddling slowly. They are not in the habit of running in and out of cold water all day. Ration the saddling for the first day or two. They are not accustomed to be out for hours on stretch in strong air. Keep them in the house for the first day or so during the noon

Don't be niggardly with your happiness. If there are any lonely people in your boarding-house, ask them to share in your fun. They probably won't—but you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you did your best. And if they do well, it is not necessary to extend the acquaintance except in special cases of real mutual attraction beyond the limit of the holiday itself.

ADAMS, HENRY - Joseph's Surgeon, Hull, Mass. died 1863; widow, Ann, born 1800, died 1870. Henry married 1872. Charles son - P. 1.

BAVIER, LEWIS S. - (Gibson) - Last heard from 1890. Son of John and Mary. Presently residing - Mrs. A. C. G. Bagley, c/o

POND, SARAH ANN - Last heard of in 1901. A. C. G. Bagley, c/o. Last heard of in 1901. Presently residing - 37, Newmarket -

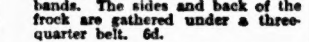
MOORE, MINNIE - Last heard of in 1910. In Montreal, Canada. Sister - Mrs. J. J. Moore, 100, St. James Lane, St. John's, Nfld.

KEENE, SAMUEL - (Red Ben, Coldstream Gunner) - Last heard of December, 1900, at Wellington, New Zealand. Son of John and Mary. Mother's name - George Bowling. Same

SPENCER, JOHN - Last heard of in 1901. Last heard of at Cemetery in 1910. Brother - Sydney and

St. Austin, Cornwall.

cool into an exquisitely-flavored mould.

[illegible]

Stalk the currants, place them in a jar, cover down tightly and place in a cool oven for four or five hours. Turn the fruit into a jelly bag and let the juice drip through all night. Measure and for each pint of juice take one pound of sugar. For every four pounds of sugar

Greengage marmalade is good. Differing in substance from jam it is more economical in use as less is necessary. Halve the fruit and remove the stones. Place the greengages in a preserving pan, the bottom of which is covered with cold water to the depth of about half an inch.

This form of eye disease is very prone to occur after measles and scarlet fever.

the wood," the "Garrison Cooper Concerto (violinist)," "Harry," "Piano Quintette, Sonata for Strings (Boyce, 1747)," Miss Cooper, "The Idyll of Battle Hollow," "If You Like," "Piano Quintette," "Madrigale," "Passe Pied."

YES! PEGGY AND PETER HAVE NO BANANAS, NEXT WEEK.

THIS PAGE TO BE CUT OUT AND FORWARDED WITH ANY QUESTION, SUGGESTION, OR COMPLAINT TO:
THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF REALTORS, 1315 K STREET, N.W., WASHINGTON, D.C. 20004

YES! PEGGY AND PETER HAVE NO BANANAS NEXT WEEK.

THE HOME HEALER.

For all skin disorders
and for minor hurts,
there is nothing more
effective than

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR OINTMENT

Reduces inflammation.
Soothing and emollient,
with all the antiseptic
properties of Wright's
Coal Tar Soap.

Of all Ointments and Soaps. Price
15s 6d. Also in jars (triple size) 50s.
If any difficulty in obtaining, write
to Wright, Lymington & Co., Ltd.,
Southampton, S.S.

The People.

OFFICE: 25, Wellington Street, WAT-
FORD, Middlesex.
TELEGRAMS: THE PEOPLE, WATFORD.
TELEPHONE: WATFORD 1000.
LONDON: 1000.

THE ROOT OF THE EVIL.

When we hear reports of a good
cereal harvest our first inclination is
to rejoice; but, strange to say, that
is not how it strikes the farmer, es-
pecially when he knows that favour-
able crop reports are coming from
various quarters of the world. For
bumper harvests mean lower prices,
ruinous competition from overseas,
and the shadow of bankruptcy.

If the British farmer cannot grow
wheat at a profit for less than 60s.
a quarter, how can he compete with
growers overseas who can sell at
15s. a quarter less? This is a mat-
ter of the highest importance for
the people of this country, because
in time of war we run a grave risk
of being starved into surrender. It
is also a serious matter in time of
peace, for land is continually going
out of cultivation, with the result
that rural workers drift into the
towns to intensify competition there
and add to the numbers of the un-
employed.

And workers in the towns are
failing to hold their own in the mar-
kets of the world from a variety of
causes, chief of which are high cost
of production and unrestricted com-
petition. Here is a dual grievance
that applies to the workshop and the
field alike. Industry of every
kind in this country wrestles with
burdens too heavy to be borne; tax-
ation of one kind and another is
strangling it.

Our tea, sugar, and similar com-
modities are taxed heavily, though
they should come to our tables free,
since we do not produce them. And
manufactured articles which we can
and do produce are allowed to enter
the country free, while the foreign-
ers who sell us the products of
their sweat and labour impose a
practically prohibitive import duty
on our manufactures.

The markets of the world outside
our own dominions are rigged
against us, and we take it "lying
down"—some of us even profess to
like it. Is it not about time we ap-
plied Bismarck's famous "do ut
des" policy to commerce and
industry?

PORTSMOUTH FIGHT

Folling for the Portsmouth Par-
liamentary seat rendered vacant by
the appointment of Colonel Leslie
Wilson to the Governorship of Bom-
bay takes place to-morrow. It is a
straight fight between a Conserva-
tive, Major Herbert Cayer, and a
Liberal, General Sir Henry Lawson,
and needless to say we want the
Conservative to win.

But this is no mere partisan pre-
ference. We want Major Cayer to
be returned in order that the hands
of the Government may be strength-
ened in dealing with the problems
that face them, foremost among
which is that of the Ruhr. This is a
problem so complicated and so pre-
gnant of far-reaching results that
our ministers need all the moral back-
ing that can be given them by the
electors in dealing with it.

The Prime Minister in his mes-

sage to Major Cayer puts the Gov-
ernment case in a nutshell. Grave
problems face the country, he says,
and the Government intention is to
face them calmly, mindful both of
the national interest and of ties of
sympathy, with the determination to
find a satisfactory solution. That
is the right spirit, and the electors,
especially those of a service town
like Portsmouth, will not fail to
meet it with a sympathetic response.

One satisfactory feature of the
campaign is that the Conservative
candidate has captured the support
of the women in preponderant
numbers. Women are now a power
in the land, and as they are for
peaceable settlements of inter-
national disputes, and the improve-
ment of British trade, they cannot
fail to support a Government that
seeks similar ends.

GROUSE AS SHE IS SHOT.

Dress and Deportment on the
Moors.

By A YOUNG GENT.

THE Twelfth—which falls, this year,
on the Thirteenth—is upon us. For
the past few days the overburdened
trains have been puffing away to the
land of heather and porridge, carrying
their cargoes of sporting enthu-
siasts all filled with
ambitions to rob
some unsuspecting
young grouse of its
life—or at least its
tail feathers.

The majority of the sportsfolk this
year hail all the
way from "Murica."
It was a real treat
to see them at Euston, armed with their
flasks, horn-rimmed spectacles, plus-
fours, big enough for "Double-eight"
tartan stockings, and gun cases that
would make any self-respecting ghillie
sign the pledge.

"Say, Pop!" said one fair enthusiast,
"I've the cutest little shooting iron you
ever saw. Guess I'll make the birdies
run."

Yes, the Twelfth is really a great day.
All over the country you will find John
Citizen sitting at his desk in his shirt
sleeves and dreaming of the grouse he
is not going to shoot. The illustrated
papers will soon be full of pictures of
lady followers of the famous sport,
which, I am told, is far more exciting
than setting out with a pinch of salt
to catch a sparrow.

The great thing to remember about
Grouse shooting, though, according to
the gentlemen who deal in homespun,
Cheviots, and Harris tweeds, is to be
properly dressed. You will never get
your bird if you attend a shoot in a
silk hat and lemon spats, although
you will probably "get the bird" from
the others who are adorned with tartan
and tweeds.

Name with a "Mac" in it

Sports jackets are worn with pockets
carefully punched to look as if they
held sandwiches. One's lower limbs
are encased in the orthodox baggy
knicker—the baggier they are the more
attention you expect to get from your
landlord.

If you happen to have an uncle
who hails from the North and has a
Mac in his name, you can appear in
tartan, or at least a kilt. Should your
patriotism move you to do this while
your common-sense tells you that your
knees will catch cold, it is not advis-
able to wear both. You should simply
stick a parrot feather in your glen-
garry, roll your "E's," and wear a
dour expression.

I always envy the tailors as the
Twelfth comes in sight. All round
London last week you could hear their
signs of contentment as they fell to
counting their well-filled purses.

Altogether the merry month of Au-
gust seems to be a jolly time for all
concerned—all save the grouse, who
have every reason to be perturbed
about the sudden change in events.

After living quite peacefully for the
greater part of the year, it cannot be
very pleasant to have a number of wild
sportsmen turned loose in the back
garden, who proceed to blast away at
everything that looks like a bird. Of
course, mistakes are made, and how-
ever enthusiastic you may feel, it is
not wise to wear too many feathers in
the hat.

Stray Shot and Ammunition

Still, the grouse have their privi-
leges. Like Haggis, they are protected
birds. The main difference is that
Haggis protects itself by its reputation
and grouse are protected by law.

It is said that since the arrival of
sharpshooters from "over the way"
the Highland life is not all it should
be. There are too many stray shots
knocking about that it becomes pos-
sibly dangerous. It is not always the
fellow who aims at the bird who is the
trouble; it is the one who hits it when
aiming at another.

However, the shooters cannot work
all the week. It is unlawful to kill a
grouse on Sunday or Christmas Day,
and it is said that even the most hon-
ourable of sportsmen, who is a fish-
erman all the rest of the year, will scorn
such an action.

Rumour has it that on Sundays,
when the shooting parties have at-
tended church, they gather on the
moors and fraternise with the birds,
who wear their best plumage for the
event, and exchange conversation on
the latest events.

Anyhow, every Sunday is an armis-
tice, and Mrs. Grouse can wash and
dress the children to go to flying school
on that day, comforted with the knowl-
edge that they are sure to return.

TALK of the PEOPLE

By WIDEAWAKE.

Grouse Prospects.

Grouse shooting begins to-morrow. In
the west of Scotland grouse are patchy,
in the east they are plentiful, so get
ready your Bradbury's, your gourmet's,
for you shall surely taste of the patron
bird of Scotland to-morrow night.

Post War France.

I was talking the other day to Major
the Hon. R. Molyneux, who during the
war served on Lord French's staff. He
has just returned from a visit to the
battlefields of France and Belgium.
Practically the whole of devastated
Belgium has been rebuilt, he tells me,
but large tracts of Northern France
still bear the impress of war. The
land is under cultivation, but the
farmhouses are not yet rebuilt. In
contrast to this the town of Ypres
has now a population of 13,000 all in
good newly-built houses. Its pre-war
number of inhabitants was only 17,000.

His Bank Holiday.

I find that a number of politicians,
freed from their labours at Westmin-
ster, are already commencing to work
in their constituencies. For instance,
Sir Leonard Brasse, the member for
the Peterborough Division, devoted
part of the August Bank Holiday to
attending gatherings of his electors.
Most assuredly he deserved what a
nervous speaker once termed "a very
volley heart of thanks."

Politician and Art Lover.

Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Gwynne are
spending August at Wootton, their
most delightful house near Polegate in
Sussex. Mr. Gwynne, who is now
Financial Secretary to the War Office,
has been the member for Eastbourne
since 1910. With his enthusiasm for
politics he combines a nice taste for
all things old and beautiful. Wootton,
which he has converted from a farm-
house, is now one of the most charming
houses in Sussex.

A Note: Family.

Mrs. Gwynne is a daughter of the
famous Home Secretary, Sir Mat-
thew White Ridley, who was
afterwards created Viscount Ridley.
The Ridleys have been for many
generations a family of much
consequence in Northumberland. The
present Lord Ridley is not yet
of age, having succeeded to the
title in 1916 on the death of his father,
who was still a young man. Sir
Matthew's younger brother, Sir Edward
Ridley, was for many years a
judge. Though he has retired from
the bench he is full of activity. In a
day or two he will be celebrating his
eightieth birthday.

Americans in Paris.

The number of American tourists to
Paris has this year surpassed all pre-
vious records. Three hundred and fifty
thousand sight-seeing Yankees have
brought over their nasal accent and
their dollars to impress the poor
battered Frenchmen in their own cap-
ital. It must be owned that the French
are quite prepared to tolerate the
Transatlantic prejudices of their
guests in return for the liberal supply
of dollars left in the custody of Paris-
ian hotel-keepers, restaurateurs, shop-
keepers, etc. This American invasion
has had no little effect in keeping the
franc at its relatively good position in
the exchange market.

Lure of the Lobby.

General Sir Charles Townshend, the
hero of Kut, and the meddler in
Anglo-Turkish negotiations, is con-
templating standing again for Parliament.
During the Coalition he was member
for the Wrekin Division of Shropshire.
Somehow or other the gallant soldier
never quite mastered the intricacies of
domestic politics. He always gave the
impression of wandering aimlessly
after something which he would not
have recognised if he had stumbled
across it. At the General Election last
November he did not stand. But now
the Lure of the Lobby has got him
again, and he is considering another
parliamentary candidature.

Next in Line Viceroy.

Several interesting appointments will
soon have to be made. Not long hence
it will be necessary to nominate
another Viceroy of India in succession
to Lord Reading, whose retirement
may shortly be expected. The man
for the job, to use a current expres-
sion, is the Duke of Northumberland.
He is thoroughly energetic and capable,
and has the great social position which
counts for much in India. Once or
twice in recent years Mr. Lloyd George
tried to persuade the Duke to take
office, but he declined. If, as is prob-
able, he is offered India, he will
doubtless feel that it will be his duty
to accept.

A Cricket Story.

Mr. W. W. Hill-Wood, the cricketer
with the curious stance, who has been
doing so well for Derbyshire of late, is
a son of Sir Samuel Hill-Wood, mem-
ber for the High Peak Division. Sir
Samuel is as keen as mustard about
the game, and is himself no mean per-
former. There is a story about him in
this connection which is worth re-
peating.

Some years ago he invited a local
team to come and play his side at
Oakley, a charming place which he
then owned in Norfolk. In order to
ensure strict impartiality the local
policeman was requested to umpire. Al-
most well till one of the opposing side
was struck on the pad by one of Sir
Samuel's fast bowlers. The impact of
the ball against the pad sounded just
like the click of a ball off the edge of
a bat.

Out L.B.W.

The wicket-keeper smartly took the
ball, and everyone of Sir Samuel's side
in genuine anticipation shouted
"How's that." The Bobby with all
the dignity of his great office said,
"Out." The chagrined batsman, con-
scious of the injustice of the decision,
signified by gesture and muttering the
fact that his bat had missed the ball.
Sir Samuel himself was conscious that
an unjust decision had been given, and
was about to call the batsman back
when the Bobby in stentorian tones
announced, "I give him out L.B.W."
Thus was the majesty of the law—and
the infallibility of umpires—amply vin-
dicated.

At Brighton.

There was a large gathering at the
Brighton races last week, and before
each day was over there was plenty of
grilled humanity. I saw Major H. T.
Barclay, who had travelled up from
Northamptonshire for the moderate
satisfaction of seeing his two-year-old
Glenana unplaced in the Juvenile
Selling Plate. Life is full of disap-
pointments, as two young people found
on this self-same course a few years
ago.

An Adventure.

Lady Kinloch and her brother, Mr.
Arthur Bromley-Davenport, the well-
known actor, happened to be staying
at Brighton, and having nothing better
to do walked out on to the Downs.
They saw a large crowd, and wonder-

Americans in Paris— A Brighton Adventure— The Chancellorship.

ing what it was, approached. A race-
meeting was in progress, and animated
by the sporting instinct which is sup-
posed to beat in every British breast,
they determined to back their fancy.
For the purpose they selected a flashy
insinuating gentleman who did his
bookmaking business outside the Ring.

A Good Guess.

Mr. Bromley-Davenport has a good
eye for a horse, and in due course his
fancy romped home. With conscious
pride his sister and he, holding the
ticket in his hand, went towards their
flashy acquaintance to claim their win-
nings. Before they got up to the book-
maker, however, they were intercepted
by a roughish fellow who as quick as
lightning snatched the ticket from Mr.
Davenport's hand and tore it to bits.
Infuriated by the taking of such
liberties, Mr. Davenport turned round
to be revenged upon the rough, only
to be stopped by a sharp and painful
kick delivered from behind. Needless
to say, the bookies' confederates soon
"made their lucky." The bookie, with
sublime indifference, continued to
about the odds for the next race, while
Lady Kinloch, more in sorrow than in
anger, turned to her brother and ex-
claimed, "I feel convinced that man
has cheated us." Her ladyship's views
upon racing have never been quite the
same since.

A Popular Duchess.

I understand that in all probability
the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland
will be entertaining H.R.H. the
Duke of York and his Duchess at
Dunrobin Castle next month. Here
is a charming portrait of the
Duchess, who has been entertaining
largely at Hampden House during
the present season. Her hus-
band, the Duke, is Under-Secre-
tary to the Air Ministry, and the
Duchess herself is keenly interested
in matters relating to the Air Force
and civil aviation. She is a familiar
figure at all the big air functions
and is interested in the
Air League.

Peering as Pavlova.

I had a note from Madame Pavlova,
the world-famous danseuse, who is
shortly to swoop lightly down on Lon-
don again for a brief season at Covent
Garden. She will be partnered by M.
Laurent Novikoff, the stalwart and
graceful dancer who has won such
golden opinions for himself by his re-
cent performances in this country. On
August 19 Pavlova with a full ballet
is giving an evening performance at
Brighton in aid of her own charity for
destitute Russian children. She assures
me that this is positively her only
appearance on the South Coast this
year.

The Chancellorship.

The position as regards Mr. McKenna
and the Chancellorship of the Ex-
chequer is, to say the least of it, extra-
ordinary. There is no reason, fortu-
nately, to believe that he has not im-
proved in health, and the difficulty of
finding a safe seat for him was under-
stood to have been overcome. And yet
it has been intimated that, after all,
he will not take the position. It is true
that he has never shared Mr. Baldwin's
views as to the ability of Germany to
pay reparations, but he has held his
opinions and voiced them for some
time past. So there is nothing new in
that! The real reason is, I think,
that the Die-hards never liked the idea
of Mr. McKenna's appointment, and
the Die-hards are all powerful in the
present Government.

No Hero Worship.

Talking of cricket, I saw Lord Dal-
meny at the Oval the other day watch-
ing the early stages of the Surrey v.
Nottingham encounter. At one time Lord
Dalmeny himself captained the Surrey
Eleven, and I could not help wonder-
ing what he thought of the three lives
which the Surrey fielders gave to
George Gunn before he had made ten
runs. He has always been a great
athlete and Lord Dalmeny, but
curiously enough, though he excelled
at all games when he was at Eton, he
never had to endure much hero-wor-
ship.

RANDOM RHYMES.

Today's the twelfth of August, and the
birds are on the wing.
If Sunday were but Monday I'd be happy
as a king:
Why should the Sabbath intervene in
this provoking way?
My joy would be unclouded if to-morrow
were to-day.
For I'm a Sabbatharian, and prone to be
precise,
And Sunday coming on the Twelfth is
anything but wise:
To-morrow is the Thirteenth—there's no
luck about the house,
And though I shoot no grouse to-day I
yet must have my grouse.
I sinned in the woodside hunt, my once-
give all spent,
When someone said the coolest place was
up the Monument:
Three-fifty-five stone steps I climbed, so
for as I recall,
But when I reached the last of them I
wasn't cool at all.
Then I was told the Caterwauls at High-
gate were the best
Locality to keep me cool and give me
perfect rest:
Somehow I didn't fancy that—I had a
smoking fear
That caterwauls implied a hotter place
than I have here.

CIGARETTE PAPERS.

FOR AFTER DINNER SMOKING

By the Lungs.

IT is regrettable, but not altogether
surprising, that the Benchers have
found it necessary to close the Middle
Temple to the general public.

For some time past Middle Temple
Lane has been increasingly used by
pedestrians, taxicabs and even heavy
vehicles as a short cut from the Em-
bankment to Fleet-st., and the stream
of traffic has caused considerable in-
convenience to the residents and to
those who have bona fide business in
the Inn. It is to be hoped that in due
time the Benchers will be able to re-
move the restrictions and allow quiet
people to enjoy the refreshing beauty
of that oasis, Fountain Court.

The four Inns of Court—Inner Tem-
ple, Middle Temple, Lincoln's and
Gray's—were established in the 14th
century as hostels for those who prac-
tised before the King's court. Each
Inn is governed by an elected treasurer
and benchers.

For many years students were first
entered at an Inn of chancery—Clif-
ford's, Thavies, Furnival's, Staple,
Barnard's or others—and afterwards
went to an Inn of court, but in the
18th century the Inns of chancery (as
such) went out of use, though their
names remain to-day.

Each Inn has customs peculiar to
itself. One of the quaintest, I always
think, is that of the Inner Temple,
where the members lunch sitting on
backless benches at long tables, like
schoolboys. When a member has fin-
ished his lunch he simply goes to a
desk, tells the cashier what he has
devoured, and pays for it. Fancy
lawyers trusting each other like that!

IT is highly significant to find the
Social Democratic Federation pass-
ing a resolution in favour of universal
military training for all citizens.
Founded more than 40 years ago, the
Federation has included in its ranks
men of varying shades of opinion, but
considerable courage. Of the latter
type is Mr. Dan Irving, M.P., who said
plainly that the Labour Party did not
face the question honestly; he asked
would any thinking man or woman say
that the nation "should strip itself
of all forms of defence and lie helpless
before the armed nations of the
world?"

Just before the war I published a
scheme for universal service—a mod-
ified form of the Continental conscrip-
tive system. It was designed to suit
industrial ideas as well as to meet in-
dustrial difficulties, and was com-
mended by Regular and amateur sol-
diers, employers, educationists and
others whose opinions I sought.
It is not jingoism to place oneself
in a posture of defence. Had the
British Empire been able to throw a
million or two of trained soldiers into
France in a few days, the Germans
would never have declared war in 1914.
Military training does not mean
militarism; it teaches discipline, which
means self-control, self-respect and
patriotism.

I hope that the example of the S.D.F.
will be followed by other bodies, and
that universal service may be the means
of averting, rather than of winning a
future war.

IT is now possible to publish some
interesting calculations relating to
what was in almost every respect an
ideal Bank Holiday. As to travellers
by train and omnibus, astonishing
figures have already been given; but
the statistics which I am now able to
make public are issued for the first
time:

It is estimated that:
579,642 Gentlemen said: "I never so much
as looked at the young lady—not
intentional, anyhow."
579,642 Other Gentlemen said: "For about
half a pint, I'd..."
579,642 Ladies said: "Don't sell yer 'ands
with 'im, Bert."
1,004 Wives said: "You'll feel better
now you've 'ad it; I told yer
them pickles'd upset yer."
The long is it to Margate now,
Mister!
49,000 Fourth said: "Afternoon, Miss
Didn't meet you at the Gauden
Pavilion at Buckin'am Pallas last
week!"
49,000 Girls said: "Ooh, you are a one!"
1 Girl said: "Not 'arf! I tipped
you a tanner for 'oldin' the 'orses
of me carriage!"
3,000,000 Females said: "Watchee! Goin'
to 'ave one!"
2,000,000 Females replied: "Ah. Just a
spot."
1 Person replied: "You mistake me,
my friend. Before those doors
close behind you—perhaps for
ever, who knows!—may I beg you
to read this little book, entitled,
Empire That Was! by, Figs
Lord's Temptation..."

THOSE who control the London
Metropolitan Police Force are to be
congratulated on the fine type of
young manhood they are enlisting.
The latest police order requires that
candidates must possess what is termed
the "police face." They must look the
part as well as play it.
This is a very sound idea. Let us
divide the police physiognomy into
three types:

(a) The South: thin, keen, alert; detec-
tive service.
(b) The Kindly: rosy, with blue eyes and
big fair moustaches; for directing old
ladies to the Abbey.
(c) The Robert: mechanical type, small
black moustaches; for controlling
traffic.
It is obvious that it would be as
foolish to send Type (b) on the trail
of Sandbaggers, the Terror of the
Underworld, as it would be to send
Type (a) to intercept himself in
the affairs of little Edgar, who has lost
his Aunt Bernibeth while attempting
to recover his Saturday penny from the
grating into which he has dropped it.
Let all things be done decently and
in order, as it were.



EVERY CONSIDERATION.

Much! Don't disturb the poor fellow! We'll give him this when he wakes up.

DRAMATIC ELEVENTH HOUR REPRIEVE FOR MASON.

FAMILY RECEIVE GLAD NEWS BY WIRELESS MESSAGES.

All Lancashire is rejoicing over the news of the reprieve of Alexander Campbell Mason, the young Scotman sentenced to death for the murder of Jacob Dickey, the taxi-driver, at Bristol.

The reprieve is the sequel to extensively signed petitions, one of which contained the names of 100 M.P.s, while another bore 60,000 signatures. It is stated that 50,000 inhabitants of Motherwell, Mason's native town, had signed petition forms.

The tidings first reached Mason's family by wireless. Mr. Alexander Mason, the condemned man's uncle, who lives at Cleland, a tiny village near Wishaw, had been listening-in to the news bulletin broadcast from Glasgow. Another friend, who, possessing a valve set, was able to listen in to London, had also picked up the news, and was able to confirm the first information.

Mr. Mason, the uncle, at once wired his parents—Mason's grand-parents—who had brought up the lad, and who are now spending a quiet holiday in Ayrshire.

The old couple, who were overjoyed, gave the chief credit to Mr. John Robertson, the large-hearted Scottish M.P. for Bothwell, who knew Mason as a boy, and who was a friend of his father. Never for a moment has Mr. Robertson believed the boy to be guilty, and with the aid of Mr. Blinkhorn, the solicitor, and others, he has left nothing undone to obtain evidence in Mason's favour.

Mr. Robertson, who had previously assured a representative of "The People" of his optimism, was himself overcome with joy at the success of the efforts made on behalf of Mason.

"This is grand news," he said, "and worth all the time and trouble it has cost me."

"I had a strong belief Mason would be reprieved, as I believe he is innocent."



Mason's solicitor at the Home Office with the petitions.

cent. The reprieve bears out what I have all along held, that there was a doubt in the case."

Mr. Robertson added a word of tribute to the assistance and courtesy he had received from the Crown officials.

Mr. R. H. Blinkhorn, Mason's solicitor, stated in an interview that he did not intend to let the matter rest. "I have been convinced all along that Mason is innocent," he said, "and I am going to continue my investigations."

NO POLICE ACTION.
It is understood that no further official action will be taken by the police, who are satisfied with the justice of the conviction.

Mason is a young man, and it is quite possible that he will be able to serve what is officially regarded as a life sentence and then be liberated. He is a quiet young fellow, with a pleasant manner, and those who know him are unable to associate him with such a crime as murder.

FIREMEN REJECT FIREWATER.

VERY DRY HUMOUR AT A FETE.

Firemen T.T.'s were badly teased at the Hounslow Hospital fete yesterday, when a prize of two bottles of whisky awarded to the Southall Brigade for the smartest turn-out proved totally—i.e., totally—unacceptable.

The brigade, quaint as it may seem, was composed wholly of "drys," and the Captain, on behalf of his men, accepted £1 in lieu of the abhorred alcohol.

Isleworth Brigade, as runners-up, were also awarded a bottle of whisky, which they voted to their captain.

He, also, was a teetotaler, and spurned the "fire water" in favour of a 10s. note, half a crown of which was deducted for the benefit of the hospital.

BECALMED YACHTS.

WEATHER CLERK PLAYS A TRICK ON RACERS.

The Clerk of the Weather played a new kind of trick yesterday when the King's yacht Britannia, with the King aboard, competed in the big yacht race with Nyria, Terpsichore, Valdara, and Carlad at Cowes.

When the starting gun boomed the yachts could hardly move, for there was a flat calm and an adverse tide.

It was more than half an hour before the Nyria drifted across the line, and in due course the other boats followed at snail's pace.

In the International 6-Metre race between America and Britain the vessels drifted more than sailed, and when they reached the East Laps buoy the big yachts which had started an hour earlier became mixed up with small ones, resulting in a little confusion. Eventually the British yachts were declared the winners.

The Queen, motoring from Cowes yesterday afternoon, again visited the antique shop she visited earlier in the week, and then took tea with General Seely, Lord Lieutenant of Hampshire, and the Hon. Mrs. Seely at their residence, Brooks House.

MISS LESTER SAFE.

VANISHED IN RESPONSE TO "SUDDEN IMPULSE."

Miss Phyllis Lester, who disappeared in London on July 23, has been found in Scotland. Her fiancé, who went to Scotland Yard to receive her from the care of the police, had the satisfaction of restoring her to her home.

On the morning of her disappearance Miss Lester went out to post a letter to her fiancé, who is a law student. She had stayed the night with a friend in Guilford-st., W.C., and intended going with this friend to Outley the next day.

A friend saw her walking wearily in Whitehall and persuaded her to go to Scotland Yard. On the arrival of her fiancé she collapsed in his arms and wept.

Later, after meeting her father and sister, she said she went away owing to "a sudden impulse, the result of nerves."

She had wanted to telephone to her fiancé many times, but wondered what he would think, and therefore refrained.

UNDERTAKER'S TROUBLES.

Delay and Hot Weather Run Him Into Expenses.

An undertaker's unusual complaint was considered by Milton Regis, Sittingbourne, Council. He had buried one of the council's workmen who was killed in a motor-car accident, and his complaint was that he was not allowed to coffin the body until after the inquest.

Owing to the delay and the effect of the hot weather on the corpse he had to provide a fresh shell.

It was stated the man died in St. Bartholomew's Hospital, Rochester, and that the inquest was not held till four days later. The deputy coroner even then had not received official notification of the death.

The hospital is to be asked for an explanation of the delay.

YES, WE HAVE "BANANAS"!

Don't be dumb when the rest are singing the merriest hit of the season. "Yes! We have no bananas!" is the popular song per excellence. It is easy to learn, and once learnt impossible to forget.

Back numbers of the issue of "The People," containing the full words and music, can be obtained on application to the Publisher, "The People," 40, Wellington-st., Strand, London, W.C.2. Enclose 3d. in stamps to cover postage.

SEA SHOCKS FOR THE PRUDISH.

LOST SHYNESS.

DISROBING BEFORE THE PUBLIC EYE.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Complaints are reaching here about scenes on the beach at Birling Gap, a charming little spot under the cliffs, near to Eastbourne. It is frequented each year by hundreds of visitors, but this summer the numbers are increasing to thousands and the reasons are not far to seek.

The beach at Birling Gap affords splendid opportunities for bathers, but whereas a few years ago people sought the shelter of the rocks to undress, they now unblushingly disrobe on the shingle, take their sun baths on the beach, and parade about in their costumes.

Good people with susceptibilities are returning to Eastbourne shocked by what they see.

They complain that bathers are not at all particular about the way they behave on the open beach, and that it is not wise to take children to Birling Gap.

I paid a visit to Birling Gap to-day and was certainly surprised to see how popular it has become, but I cannot say I saw the same causes for objection any more than I saw them at Pevensey Bay, a little seaside village a mile or so along the coast from Eastbourne.

There, too, the numbers of visitors are increasing rapidly each year, and it is undoubtedly due to the fact that people can hold their bathing parades without undue interference. They not only walk about the beach in bathing costumes, but they sit about picnicking in the same attire.

This sort of thing is not permitted at Eastbourne, and anything approaching it might land the more daring ones before the magistrates. There is probably a lesson to be learned at Eastbourne from these neighbouring places. A little relaxation of the prudishness that has outgrown its generation would no doubt increase the popularity of the town.

WORE NO COSTUME.
For annoying women bathers by exposing himself on Southsea beach, Giles Robinson, 37, a blacksmith, of Hamble, Hants, was fined £5 at Portsmouth police court yesterday.

He denied the offence, though admitting he bathed without costume. He said he went to Southsea the previous day and could not resist the temptation to bathe, because of the hot weather, though he had no towel or costume.

He did not think he was doing wrong. In the country he and other men, as well as women, bathed in Hamble River without costumes. They did so while women passed in boats and yachts.

UNHAPPY BRIDES.

COURT SEQUEL AFTER NINE WEEKS' MATRIMONY.

A young wife's experience, after nine weeks' married life, was described at West Ham Court yesterday, when Harriet Everett, of 30, Vincent-st., Canning Town, was summoned for assault on her husband.

Complainant said they had only been married nine weeks. On August 4 she declared defendant tried to strangle her by putting a piece of string around her neck. Then he said, "One pull and it will be tight." Her screams brought her sister, who took her out of the room.

The Clerk: What is the cause of the trouble?
The Sister: He says he does not want married life.
The Clerk: Tired of it already?—Witness: He has threatened to poison her with arsenic.

The chairman said there must be some thing wrong with Everett, and remanded him for a medical examination.

At the same court, Arthur Mansfield, of Ship-st., Canning Town, summoned for assaulting his wife, Mary Ann, was said to have been married only five months, and his wife said he had beaten her and torn off her clothes.

Defendant pleaded that his wife had stayed out late at night, and that she had bitten him.

The wife admitted she had scratched him and the bench dismissed the case.

HARVEST WAGE AGREEMENT.

Norfolk Labourers to Get £9 for Month's Work.

In regard to the harvest wage question, the secretary of the Norfolk branch of the Farmers' Union says that 99 per cent. of the farmers and landworkers of the county have come to an arrangement on the basis of £9 for the gathering of the harvest or for a month of 70 hours per week.

The National Union of Agricultural Workers held a meeting in Norwich yesterday, and it was reported that in several cases £10 is being paid, and in some cases even 10 guineas.

DEERMINED SPIRITS.

Bath Vision Washed Out, but Others Appear Elsewhere.

So many curious visitors entered Bath Abbey, often during service, to look at the mysterious "phantom painting" of a British Tommy in full marching kit, that the Abbey authorities have had the pillar thoroughly cleaned.

There is now no trace of the markings that, in damp conditions of the atmosphere, took on the appearance of a somewhat fantastic war painting.

No sooner, however, had Bath's ghost painting been washed out, than another has appeared at Bushy Park Wesleyan Church at Knowle, near Bristol.

This pictorial apparition is said to resemble a Crusader.

Yet another apparition of the kind is said to be visible at Uphill Church, where the picture takes the form of a skull and cross-bones.

TRICKED HIS BRIDE-TO-BE.

POLICE HUNT FOR MAN WITH CHEQUE BOOK.

The Dublin Metropolitan Police and Free State C.I.D. are looking for a young man with an American accent, who in the past fortnight has obtained goods from leading clothing and jewellery establishments in Dublin. He paid for the articles with cheques.

Ten days ago he advertised for a wife. A young English woman, living at Blackrock, Dublin, answered the advertisement and went with the man to the registry office. They were told certain preliminaries had to be complied with.

The man took furnished rooms in Donnybrook, Dublin, for himself and his affianced bride. He was a most attentive lover, and presented her with a 60-guinea ring paid for with a cheque.

When the woman woke one morning the man had gone, taking a diamond engagement ring, a typewriter, clothes and other articles bought by him in Dublin.

The cheques have been returned dishonoured.

"SKY" TERRIERS.

LONDON LADS' HIGH STANDARD OF TRAINING.

"The searchlights were most successful in picking up and holding targets under service conditions in spite of having had no previous facilities for practising on aeroplanes. This reflects great credit on the training of the 10th (London) Anti-Aircraft Battalion, Royal Engineers."

This is an extract from a Brigade order issued by Colonel D. Howard Gill, C.M.G., D.S.O., commanding the 2nd (London) Air Defence Brigade (Territorial) on the termination of the first fortnight of annual training.

"The work of the 10th (London) Anti-Aircraft Signal Company, Royal Corps of Signals, has been arduous and has been most efficiently and rapidly performed."

"The Brigade, at its present strength, is little more than a nucleus, but has already set a high standard."

WHOSE SOVEREIGNS?

PROBLEM OF MONEY FOUND ON CANAL BANK.

A coroner's jury at Birmingham this week will be called upon to decide the ownership of a sum of money, about £20 in gold coins, which was found on a canal bank. English law pronounces in favour of the Crown being entitled to treasure trove.

The suggestion is that the money was hidden, and the jury will have to say whether the Crown or the finder shall be the richer by the discovery.

EX-OFFICERS ROUSED.

PROSPECT OF BIG CAMPAIGN.

COLONEL M.P.'s MOVE PENSIONS ROW.

(Special to "The People.")

The exclusive article in "The People" last Sunday announcing that Lord Derby had said "No" to the army - pensioned - rankers' officers' claim to status and retired pay of commissioned rank has had an extraordinary effect.

Hundreds of letters have been received from all parts of the country inveighing against the stone-wall attitude of the War Office in regard to a claim, so manifestly just, that an army colonel with honours and battle distinctions shall no longer be treated as a Chelsea pensioner on 30s. a week while a young lieutenant 35 years of age has been invited to retire on £4 a week, and a marine-pensioned-major receives a minimum of £6 a week.

The position is regarded as so intolerable that the leaders of the movement recommend that an intensive political campaign be carried out during the parliamentary recess, and if this is endorsed at a general meeting to be held at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon-st., at 6.45 p.m. on Aug. 22, arrangements will be made for every M.P. to be interviewed by his military constituents, and placed in possession of the whole facts of the case.

LORD DERBY'S FEELINGS.

Colonel Sir Arthur Holbrook, M.P., who has taken charge of the case in the House of Commons, and who led the deputation which was received by Lord Derby on July 4, has undertaken to "table a motion" when the House reassembles in November. Sir Arthur has already received many letters from members of all parties promising support, and it is confidently anticipated that when the House reassembles he will have a strong and influential backing.

Among the letters which have been received by the political secretary to the A.P.R.O. there is not one which does not advocate a forward and a vigorous policy.

It is contended that Lord Derby's letter, although dictated by parsimony, under the guise of economy, disclosed real human sympathy felt by the earl, himself an old professional soldier.

STEVE DONOGHUE AND THE BARRY SERVICE

Among those who appreciate the sterling worth of the Barry Service is Stephen Donoghue, the famous Jockey. Well-known men, the world over, look to the Barry Service for their tailoring needs. If you would only give us the few moments it takes to mail us a postcard with your own name and address, there is no question as to who would make your next suit of clothes. The Barry Service bids for that privilege under guarantee that never leave your satisfaction in doubt for a single instant.

A £ 5-5-0
PURE NEW WOOL TWEED SUIT
FOR £ 2-0-0

MADE TO YOUR SPECIAL MEASURES.
WHEREVER YOU RESIDE WE
UNDERTAKE TO FIT YOU
PERFECTLY.

HERE IS OUR UNIQUE PLEDGE.

If after examining the excellent material, workmanship and finish of this wonderful £2 Barry Suit you are not of the opinion that it is the greatest bargain you have ever seen, we will refund not only the £2 paid but 2/6 over and above that sum to compensate you for your trouble. Do not confuse this £2 Pure Wool Tweed Suit with the cheap sale goods so extensively being peddled in the London Press. It is something entirely different.

SEND FOR FREE PATTERNS.

Simply you do not need a suit at the moment. No matter! Send for our patterns and booklet just the same, and you will then know where to go when you are in need of new clothes. As we have said, once you have seen our patterns and read the striking testimony of our gratified clients, the question of your next tailor is never in doubt.

A £5.5.0 Striped Flannel SUIT to measure for £2	An £8.8.0 Superior Worsted SUIT to measure for £4.10	100 Per Cent. Pure new Wool Blue Serge SUIT to measure for £3.10
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If you cannot call personally, our SELF-MEASURE CHART is useful. You take your measure in the privacy of your home, select your cloth from the lovely range of patterns we shall send you, choose your style from the big selection of fashions we submit to serve, days you will receive your suit carefully packed.

Sent at our risk entirely. The Patterns, Fashion Plates, Measure Charts are yours for the asking. Send to a prominent firm, when they will be sent per return.

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EXCLUSIVELY MEASURE TAILORS.

AT MASTER'S GRAVE.

FAITHFUL TERRIER STAYS AT PRESIDENT'S TOMB.

Marion (Ohio), Saturday.

During the funeral of President Harding yesterday afternoon a small fox terrier puppy lay down before the gates of the vault undisturbed by the Guardsmen keeping vigil.

The little dog had come uninvited to the funeral, making his way among the officers, generals and admirals, to the casket, as though he realised that his friend was inside. Finally in sleepy contentment he lay down just inside the doors of the tomb watching the funeral rites.

No one attempted to drive him away. When the time came to place the casket in the vault the puppy blocked the way. There was a movement to push him aside, but Mrs. Harding would not allow it. She whispered to Mr. Christian, the late President's secretary, to coax, not drive, the dog away. This was done, and the casket was then entombed.

When all had gone except the Guard, Captain Andrews, the dead President's Aide, went back to the vault for Mrs. Harding to see if everything was right there. The terrier was still sitting at the door of the tomb, faithful to his dead friend.

Mrs. Harding told her friends that she had drawn great comfort from the moment the little visitor strayed within the funeral circle.—Reuter.

DOINGS IN THE RUINS.

Fresh Excavations on Site of Roman Fort.

Archaeological circles are agog with anticipation of the search work to be resumed on the Richborough Castle site next Saturday, when excavations will be made below a surface which has remained undisturbed for at least 1,500 years.

The presence of remains was first detected during the drought of 1921, when the turf showed parchings which experts declared to indicate lines of demarcation of buried walls. Subsequent excavations revealed extensive ruins, many Roman coins and pieces of pottery being found.

Richborough—the ancient Rutupiae—is one of the most important Roman sites in the country, being occupied as a naval and military station during the whole period of Roman rule.

MARGATE'S BIG CARNIVAL.

Margate's high carnival starts to-morrow, when a procession of decorated cars two miles long will assemble in eight sections. This will be followed by a battle of flowers, and a dance at one of the chief hotels.

The mayor and mayors are co-operating in this effort to raise funds for the Cottage Hospital and the Alexandra Homes.

For a week the merriment will continue, and among the features of the carnival will be beauty competitions and a fashion parade of mannequins.

LURE OF SEA AND CRICKET.

Though Southend is already crowded with visitors, an influx of thousands more is expected next week, when the cricket festival opens.

Lancashire and Northants will be the opponents of Essex, the county team, at Southchurch Hall Park, where elaborate arrangements are being made for a record week.

CUP THEY CANNOT FILL.

SIR THOS. LIPTON AND HIS 1923 CHALLENGER.

It was no use the American Cup being held by the Americans when they could not fill it, said Sir Thomas Lipton yesterday to "The People" representative, when he sailed from Liverpool for New York on the liner Cadiz.

He said that he intended to issue a challenge next year for the American Cup



Joe Beckett photographed at Worthing with his pretty fiancée, Miss Ruth Ford, daughter of the proprietor of a hotel.

race in 1925, for which he will build a new Shamrock.

This will be his fifth attempt to lift the Cup in 25 years.

Sir Thomas is proceeding to America to arrange for bringing back his racing yacht Shamrock (25-metre class), which has been used to tune up previous Cup challenges. With this boat he will race in British waters next year.

300-YEARS-OLD FAIR.

Showmen's Last Carnival on Village Green.

Mitcham Fair, which opens to-morrow, will signalise its last appearance on the village green by an exhibition of increased vitality.

Since the days of Queen Elizabeth the fair has been held yearly on the green, which abuts on the High-st., but the busy traffic of present-day Mitcham has necessitated the removal of the show next year to Three King's Green nearby. The site on which the fair will be located to-morrow will be converted into ornamental gardens.

It is expected that Sir Harry Mallory Deeley will open the fair, and showmen declare that if the fine weather continues records will be established.

PAYMASTER CADETSHIPS.

The following are declared by the Civil Service Commissioners to be the successful candidates at the competition held in June for Paymaster Cadetships in the Royal Navy. The names are in order of merit:

Captain C. J.; Blaney, G.; Franklin, G. F.; Kennett, P. C.; Price, J. A.; Coleman, F. L.; Bagnall, D. A. C.

The following Service candidates passed the examination: Maunier, F. R.

THE WORKERS' SEARCHLIGHT.

By ANDREW BUCHANAN, JR.

article to the L.P.S., and as they would not take the policy from me perhaps they will accept it from him. It would seem to be a case of "when Socialists disagree Individualists come by their own."

An interesting discussion is taking place in several quarters of the question of male versus female labour. It is estimated that during the last 20 years women clerical workers have increased by 200 per cent. and men office-workers by only 7 per cent. One correspondent writes: "If a man clerk commits himself to a wife and family, why can he seldom or never afford, why should a young woman be penalised by his folly and robbed of her job?" One result of this unequal competition will be the decline of the managerial class, and with it the population of the middle class. The only solution is equal pay for equal work.

The Social Democratic Federation has definitely committed itself to conscription. At its annual conference it carried a resolution "for the establishment of a citizen army, the military training for all citizens." As Dan Irving, M.P., put it, the Labour Party stands for "conscription and disarmament, and the S.D.F. stands for conscription and a democratic armaments policy." Here again we have two irreconcilable policies in the Socialist movement.

G.K.'s "Theory."

G. K. Chesterton, that "master of audacious paradox," has at last overreached himself. He told the Roman Catholic Congress that "reduced hours, good wages, decent holidays and humane conditions, in return for which the workers would guarantee not to strike, would mean slavery. It might be a good bargain, but it was slavery." If such conditions existed there would be no reason for strikes. It is the absence of "humane conditions" which causes strikes. The "theory" that strikes indicate liberty and conciliation connotes slavery is absurd. Comrade Newbold is the only man who would support G. K. C. A fine new alliance.

Two Steels

Mr. Harry German, President of the Farmers' Union, informed the Millard Agricultural College "that the Colonies and foreign countries were sending us England 42 per cent. more beef and 22 per cent. more mutton, in addition to large quantities of condensed milk and milk substitutes," and that "agriculture was suffering from lack of confidence. Lack of confidence in what? The Ministry of Agriculture! What are the Ministers of the Ministry doing? I have put many readers in touch with these gentlemen, and they can give satisfaction. The truth appears to be that the Ministry are relying on the farmers and the farmers are relying on the Ministry, and the country has dropped between the two.

THE POULTRY RUN THE OPEN ROAD

Care of Fowls during the Moulting Season.

By "Wheeler"
Lighting-up Time To-day, 8.58 p.m.
THE recent holidays were ideal from the point of view of the cyclist. Although

The weather was hot and breezy, which suited me. As one who has always



there was a very persistent

those who, like myself, are the finest

being the first to start cycling, I was glad to see the large number of riders who were evidently out for a three days' tour. It is an exaggeration to say that in the West Country at any rate, there are hundreds of tourists on wheels. The riders carried their luggage in the form of a satchel on their shoulders. That is a relic of the past, but although I find this method of carrying luggage, I have not, like some and more recently, but it is not apparent to me.

The National Cyclists' Union has sustained a heavy loss recently by the death of Mr. H. H. Wray, its Chairman, of the Exeter. Mr. H. H.

The great road from London to Winchester, Southampton and the West of England crosses over a huge ridge of hills that runs from Guildford and Farnham. It is a hilly, undulating waste of spreading prospects, though the climb at the top of Guildford and by the trim green city faces of Farnham is a pleasant surprise. The hills are called "hog's back," as it is called, is a beautiful vale: leave Guildford by Thorney Street and walk for Sloughish, keeping a way to the left, and you will find the hills of the Little and Great Sloughish, and so into the heart of Normandy, where one would almost expect to find a French chateau. Instead there is the farm house on the right, where William the Conqueror and his army of Normans in the eleventh century, when "Rural Ride" is in English class) died.

The road now approaches within hiegalth of Alchester, through the ramping grounds of Ash Vale, soon there is a turning for Farnham and Basingstoke, a double-bank to Peabright and Froham, but our business will be to reach Farnham, which we do through Ash and Epsom.

The "Bush" at Farnham recalls the days when a bush was actually the sign of a tavern and wine shop. It is also a celebrated coaching inn. Farnham Castle (top of Castle St.) is worth seeing. Returning to Guildford follow the southern "Bank" of the River Bank, (their right near wall 1/2 m. box at Wokingham) and ride along the old Pilgrimage (from Winchester to Canterbury) through Seale, Wottonham (for caves) and Compton, with interesting church, containing the only treasury sanctuary in England.

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"31rien"
 THE NEWEST AND MOST MODERN
 IN THE WORLD
 21, COLUMBIA ST., NEW YORK

THE STORY UP TO NOW.

The first part of the story passed in Switzerland, where the dominating Sir Eustace had made violent love to a simple girl, Dinah, who is fascinated by his intense personality. Sir Eustace's sister Isabel is a story of a "broken heart," having lost her young husband after a brief and romantic union. "The Golden Maze" is the story of the champion and protector, a great contrast to his overbearing brother, Sir Eustace. Dinah, having promised to go to bed early, receives a note from Sir Eustace, and promises to have one last dance with him before leaving for home. What came of it?

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Golden Maze.

SOFTLY the strains of "Simple" were floated along the corridor. It came like fairy music, now near, now far, haunting as a dream, woven through and through with the gold of Romance.

Someone was coming along the passage with the easy swing of the born dancer, and, pressed against her door-post in the shadows, Dinah's heart danced with a wildly throbbing beat.

The die was cast, and there was no going back. She heard the deep voice humming the magic melody as he came. In a moment the superb figure came into sight, moving with that royal ease of carriage so characteristic and so wonderful.

He drew near. He spied the small white figure lurking in the dimness. With a low laugh he opened his arms to her.

And then there came to Dinah, not for the first time, a strange, wholly indefinable misgiving. It was a warning so insistent that she suddenly and swiftly drew back as if she would flee into the room behind her.

But he was too quick for her. He caught her on the threshold. "Oh no, no!" he laughed. "That's not playing the game. I'll draw her back, holding her two wrists. 'Daphne! Daphne!' he said. 'Still running away! Do you call that fair?'

She did not resist him, for the moment she felt his touch she knew herself a captive. The magic force of his personality had caught her; but she did not give herself wholly to him. She stood and palpitated in his hold, her heart bent low.

"I'm not running away," she told him breathlessly. "I was just—just coming. But—ah—ah—we've been! Your brother—"

"What?" He was stooping over her; she felt his breath upon her neck. "Oh, Scott! Surely you're not afraid of Scott, are you? You needn't be. I've sent him off to write some letters. He'll be occupied for an hour at least. Come! Come! You promised. And you're wasting time."

One Splendid Dance.

"Afterwards," she broke in breathlessly, "we will just peep at the moonlight on the mountains, and then I must come back."

"I will show you something better than the moonlight on the mountains," said Sir Eustace. They reached the head of the stairs. His arm tightened about her. She descended as though upon wings. Passing through the vestibule, her feet did not seem to touch the ground. And then like a golden maze the ballroom received them.

Before she knew it, they were among the dancers and the magic of her dream had merged into reality. She closed her eyes, for the glare of light and moving figures dazzled her, and gave herself up to the rapture of that one splendid dance. Her heart was beating wildly, as though it would choke her. A curious thirst that yet was part of her delight made her throat burn. A weakness that exalted in the man's supporting strength held her bound and entranced by such an ecstasy as she had never known before. She laughed, a gasping laugh through parted lips. She wondered whether he realized that she was floating through the air, held up by his arm alone about them. She wondered too how soon they would find their way to the heart of that golden maze, and what nameless treasure awaited them there. For that that treasure was for them, and them alone, she never doubted. It was the gift of the gods, bestowed upon no others in all that merry crowd.

The magic deepened and grew within her. She felt that the climax was drawing near. He would not dance to a finish, she knew, and already the music was quickening. She was too giddy, too spent had she but known it, to open her eyes. Only by instinct did she know that he was bearing her, sure and swift as a swallow, to the curtained room whither he had led her twice before. This she told herself, this was the heart of the maze. All things began and ended here. Her lips quivered and tingled, she would never escape him now. He had her firmly in the net. Now did she seriously want to escape. Only she felt desperately afraid of him. His strength, his determination, above all, his silence, sent tumultuous fear throbbing through her heart. And when at length the music came, she knew that they were alone in the gloom with the music dying away behind them, a last wild dread that was almost anguish made her hide her face deep, deep in his arm while her body hung powerless in his embrace.

He laughed a little—a laugh that thrilled her with its exultation, its passion. And then, whether she would or not, he turned her face upwards to meet his own.

His knees descended upon her hotly, suffocatingly. He held her pressed to him in such a grip as seemed to drive all the breath out of her quivering frame. His lips were like a fierce flame on her neck and face that grew in intensity, possessing her, consuming her. The mastery of his hold was utterly irresistible.

She was near to fainting when she felt his arms relax, and suddenly above her upturned face she heard his voice, low and deep, like the growl of an angry beast.

"What have you come here for? Go! You're not wanted."

In a flash she realized that they were no longer alone. She would have disengaged herself, but she was too weak to stand. She could only cling feebly to the supporting arm.

In that moment a great wave of humiliation burst over her, sweeping away her last foothold. For without turning she knew who it was who stood behind her; she knew to whom those furious words had been addressed.

Before her father's sight with overbearing violence there came a vision—the



GREAT HEART

A POWERFUL LOVE STORY

By Ethel M. Dell



vision of Greatheart in his shining armour with a drawn sword in his hand; and in his eyes—But no, she could not look into his eyes.

She hid her face instead, burning and quivering still from the touch of those passionate lips, hid it low against her lover's breast, too ashamed even for speech.

There came a movement, the halting movement of a lame man, and she heard Scott's voice. It pierced her intolerably, perfectly gentle though it was.

"I am sorry to intrude," he said. "But Isabel begged me to come and look for—Dinah." His pause before the name was scarcely perceptible, but that also pierced her through and through.

"I don't think she is quite equal to this," Sir Eustace uttered his faint, contemptuous laugh. "You hear, Dinah!"

"This gallant knight has come to your rescue. Look up and tell him if you want to be rescued!"

But she could not look up. She could only cling to him in voiceless abasement. "You needn't be anxious, most worthy Scott. Leave her to me for five minutes, and I will undertake to return her to Isabel in good condition! You're not wanted for the moment, man. Can't you see it?"

That moved Dinah. She lifted her head from his shelter, and found her voice.

"Oh, don't send him away!" she entreated. "He—he—it was very kind of him to come and look for me."

Eustace's hand caressed her dark hair for a moment. His eyes looked down into hers, and she saw that the glowing embers of his passion still smouldered there.

"She caught her breath with a sob. 'Tell him—not to go away!' she begged. He smiled a little, but electricity lingered in the pressure of his arm. 'I think it is time we broke up the meet-

ing," he said. "You had better run back to Isabel. If you wish to keep this episode a secret, Scott is, I believe, gentleman enough to hold his peace."

She was free, and very slowly she released herself. She turned round to Scott, but still she could not dare not meet his eyes.

Her limbs were trembling painfully. She felt weak and dizzy. Suddenly she became aware of his hand held out to her, proffering silent assistance.

Eustace stepped forward, and lifted the heavy curtain for them with a mask-like ceremony. She glanced up at him as she went through.

"Good-night!" he said. Her lips quivered in response. He suddenly bent to her. "Good-night!" he said again.

There was imperious insistence in his voice. His eyes compelled.

Mutely she responded to the mastery that would not be denied. She lifted her trembling lips to his; and deliberately in Scott's presence—he kissed her.

"Sleep well!" he said lightly. She returned his kiss, because she could not do otherwise. She felt as if she had so merged her will into his that she was deprived of all power to resist.

But the hand that held her arm urged her with quiet strength. It led her on, falteringly away.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Lesson.

Ten minutes later Scott descended the stairs alone, and returned to the main floor. A dance was in progress. He stood for a moment in the doorway, watching.

Finally, having satisfied himself that his brother was not among the dancers, he turned away.

With his usual quickness of movement, he crossed the vestibule, and looked into the smoking room. Sir Eustace was not there either, and he was closing the door again when the man himself came up the passage behind him, and clasped a curious hand on his shoulder.

"Are you looking for me, most doughty knight?" he asked.

Scott turned so sharply that the head fell. "Yes, I am looking for you," said, and his voice was unusually curt.

"Come outside a minute, will you? I want to speak to you."

Scott was very pale, but there was no lack of resolution about him as he closed the door and faced the older man.

"Well, what is it?" Eustace demanded. "Just this. Very plainly Scott made answer. 'I want to know how far this matter has gone between you and Miss Bathurst. I want to know—that you are going to do.'

"My intentions, oh! Eustace's answer became very pronounced as he put the question. He pulled forward a chair and sat down with an arrogant air as though to bring himself thus to Scott's level.

Scott's eyes gleamed again momentarily at the action, but he stood like a rock.

"Yes, your intentions," he said briefly. Sir Eustace's black brows went up;

he looked him up and down. "Can you give me the reasons at all why I should hold myself answerable to you?" he asked.

Scott's hands clenched as he stood. "I can," he said. "I regard Miss Bathurst as very peculiarly our charge—under our protection. We are both in a great measure responsible for her, though possibly 'he hesitated slightly—' my responsibility is greater than yours. In so far as I take it more seriously, I do not think that either of us is in a position to make love to her under existing circumstances. But that, I admit, is merely a matter of opinion. Most emphatically neither of us has the right to trifle with her. I want to know—and I must know—are you trifling with her, as you have trifled with Miss de Vigne for the past fortnight? Or are you in earnest? Which?"

He spoke sternly, as one delivering an ultimatum. His eyes, steel-bright and unwavering, were fixed upon his brother's face.

Sir Eustace made a sharp gesture, as if of one who flings off some stinging insect. "It is not particularly good form on your part to bring another lady's name into the discussion," he said. "At least you have no responsibilities so far as Miss de Vigne is concerned."

"I admit that," Scott answered shortly. "Moreover, she is fully capable of taking care of herself. But Miss Bathurst is not. She is a mere child in many ways, but she takes things hard. If you are merely amusing yourself at her expense—"

"Well!" Sir Eustace threw the question with sudden anger. "His great, lounging figure stiffened. A blue flame shot up in his eyes.

Sir Eustace's brows met in a thick and threatening line. "You will have very

much more than you bargain for if you persist," he said.

"Meaning that I am to draw my own conclusions?" Scott asked, unmoved.

The smouldering fire suddenly blazed into flame. He pulled Scott to him with the movement of a giant, and bent him irresistibly downwards. "I will show you what I mean," he said.

Scott made a swift, instinctive effort to free himself, but the next instant he was passive. Only as the relentless hands forced him lower he spoke, his voice quick and breathless.

"You can hammer me to your heart's content, but you'll get nothing out of it. That sort of thing simply doesn't count—"

With me."

Sir Eustace held him in a vice-like grip. "Are you going to take it lying down, then?" he questioned grimly.

"I'm not going to fight you, certainly," Scott's voice had a faint quiver of humour in it, as though he jests at his own expense. "Not—that is—in a physical sense. If you choose to resort to brute force, that's your affair. And I fancy you'll be sorry to differ to me."

He broke off, breathing short and hard, like a man who struggles against odds yet with no thought of yielding.

Sir Eustace held him a few seconds as if irresolute, then abruptly let him go. "I believe you're right," he said. "You wouldn't care a damn. But you're a fool to let me all the same. Now clear out, and leave me alone for the future!"

"I haven't done with you yet," Scott said. He straightened himself and returned to the attack. "I asked you a question, and so far you haven't answered it. Are you ashamed to answer it?"

Sir Eustace got up with a movement of exasperation, but very oddly his anger had died down. "Oh, confound you, Stumpy! You're more than a swarm of mosquitoes!" he said. "I demand your right to ask that question. It is no affair of yours."

"I maintain that it is," Scott said quietly. "It matters to me—perhaps more than you realize—whether you behave honourably or otherwise."

"Honourable!" His brother caught him up sharply. "You're on dangerous ground, I warn you," he said. "I won't stand that from you at any time."

"I've no intention of insulting you," Scott answered. "But I must know the truth. Are you going to marry Miss Bathurst, or are you not?"

Sir Eustace drew himself up with a haughty gesture. "The time has not come to talk of that," he said.

"Not when you are deliberately making love to her?" Scott's voice remained quiet, but the glaze was in his eyes again—cold, menacing, ominous gleam.

"Oh, that! We don't follow, you see."

CHAPTER XXIX.

The Captive.

Isabel uttered no reproaches to her charge as, quivering with shame, she returned from her escapade. She exchanged no more than a low "good-night" with Scott, and then turned back into the room with Dinah. But as the latter stood before her, crestfallen and humiliated, expecting a reprimand, she only laid very gentle hands upon her and began to unfasten her dress.

"I wasn't spying upon you, dear child," she said. "I only looked in to see if you would care for a cup of milk last thing."

That broke Dinah utterly and overwhelmingly. In her confusion she cast herself literally at Isabel's feet. "Oh, what a beast I am! What a beast!" she sobbed. "Will you ever forgive me? I shall never forgive myself!"

The thoughts of Eustace were of too confused a nature to be put into coherent form. The moment they turned in his direction his brain became a flashing whirl in which doubts, fears, and terrible ecstasies ran wild riot. She lay and trembled at the memory of his strength, exulting almost in the same moment that he had stooped with such mastery to possess her.

But always the memory of Scott shot her triumph through with a regret so poignant as to deprive it of all lasting rapture. She had hurt him, she had disappointed him; she did not know how she would ever look him in the eyes again.

In the morning she arose white-faced and weary, with dark shadows under her eyes and a head that throbbed tormentingly. She breakfasted with Isabel in the latter's room, and was again deeply grateful to her friend for forbearing to comment upon her subdued manner. She could not make any pretence at cheerfulness that day, being, in fact, still so near to tears that she could scarcely keep from breaking down.

"Don't wait for me, dear!" Isabel said gently as lunch. "I see you are not hungry. We are taking some provisions with us; perhaps you will feel more like eating presently."

Isabel escaped very thankfully and returned to her own room.

Here she remained for a while till some one of her staff then Biddy came in to help her packing, and she slipped away to avoid the old woman's adverse observation. She feared to go downstairs lest she should meet Scott; but presently, as she hovered in the passage, she heard his halting tread in the main corridor.

She was not to escape unnoticed, however. The first person she encountered in the vestibule came forward instantly at sight of her with the promptitude of one who has been lying in wait.

The Mountain Track.

She recoiled with a gasp, but she could not run away. She was caught so surely as she had been the night before.

"Hello!" called Sir Eustace with extended hand. "Going out for a last look round? May I come too?"

She felt the dominance of his grip. It was coolly, imperially possessive. To answer his request seemed superfluous, even bordering upon presumption. It was obvious that he had every intention of accompanying her.

She gave a confused murmur of assent, and they passed through the vestibule side by side. She was conscious of curious glances from several strangers who were standing about, and Eustace exchanged a few words with a woman of real wealth and then they were out in the pure sunlight of the mountains, alone for the last time in their paradise of snow.

Almost instinctively Dinah turned up the winding track. They had said on the night before that they would not be long to stand still. She smiled

beside her, idly smoking, not troubling to make conversation, now as ever sublimely at his ease.

The snow sparkled around them like a thousand gems. Dinah's eyes were burning and smarting with the brightness. And still that tender waltz-music ran lilting through her brain, drifting as it were through the mist of her unshed tears.

Suddenly he spoke. They were nearing the pine-wood and quite alone. "Is there anything the matter?"

She choked down a great lump in her throat before she could speak in answer. "No," she murmured then. "I—I am just—rather low about leaving; that's all."

"That's really all, is it? You're not unhappy about anything else? Scott hasn't been bullying you?"

She gasped at the question. "Oh no! Oh no! He wouldn't! He couldn't! I haven't even seen him to-day."

He received the information in silence; but in a moment or two he tossed away his cigarette, thrust the arm of a man having come to an abrupt resolution.

"And so you're fretting about going home?" he said.

She nodded mutely. The matter would not bear discussion.

"Poor little Daphne!" he said. "It's been a good game, hasn't it? Just like the dreams that never come true," she managed to say.

"Would you like it to come true?" he asked her unexpectedly.

She glanced up at him with a woeful little smile. "It's no good thinking of the impossible," she said at last.

"I have an idea we could make it come true between us," he said.

She shook her head. That brief glimpse of his intent eyes had sent a sudden and overwhelming wave of shyness through her. She remembered again the fiery holding of his arms, and was afraid.

He paused in his walk and turned aside to the railing that bounded the side of the track above the steep, pine-covered descent. "Wish hard enough," he said, "and all dreams come true!"

Dinah went with him as if compelled. She leaned against the railing, glad of the support while he sat down upon it. His attitude was supremely easy and self-possessed.

"Do you know, Daphne," he said, "I've taken a fancy to that particular dream myself. Now I've caught you, I don't see myself letting you go again. She bent her head fixing her eyes upon the rough wood upon which she leaned.

"But it's no good, is it?" she said, almost below her breath. "I've just got to go."

He put his hand on her shoulder, and she was conscious of the electric thrill of his touch. She shrank a little—a very little; for she was frightened, albeit curiously aware of a magnetism that drew her irresistibly.

"Yes, I suppose you've got to go," he said. "But—there's nothing to prevent me following you, is there? Just—just pretending to flirt, that's all."

He laughed, bending his handsome, imperious face to hers. "It's been a fairly solid pretence, hasn't it?" he said. "As well as my heart."

Dinah was trembling all over. She gasped for breath, drawing back slightly from the nearness of his lips. "Do you mean—you'd like to marry me?" she whispered tremulously, and hid her face on the instant for the bald words sounded preposterous.

He laughed again, softly, half-mockingly, and drew her into his arms. "Whatever made you think of that, my elf of the mountains? I'll vow it came into your head first. Ah! you needn't hide your eyes from me. I know you're first—ever since you began to run away. But I've caught you now. Haven't I? Haven't I?"

(To be continued.)

CHAPTER XXX.

The Captive.

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SIR O'MOORE CREAGH.

DEATH OF V.C. WHO FOLLOWED KITCHENER IN INDIA.

General O'Moore Creagh, V.C., who has just died at the age of 75 years, joined the Indian Army more than half a century ago. Fourteen years ago he succeeded Lord Kitchener as Commander-in-Chief in India.

Few men knew more of the Indian native; and few had a life filled with so many thrilling experiences. He won the Victoria Cross in 1879.

He was detailed with 180 men to protect a village at the upper end of the Khyber Pass, from the raids of the Mahomds. He was attacked by 1,500 of them, and also by the inhabitants of the village, but succeeded by great skill and bravery in holding out until reinforcements arrived.

CENOTAPH OF PEACE.

RUBBER PAVING TO DEADEN NOISE OF TRAFFIC.

In a fortnight's time a portion of the roadway surrounding the Cenotaph in Whitehall will be ready to receive the rubber blocks which are to be laid in order to deaden the sounds of traffic.

The cost of the blocks, which is estimated at £2,000, is being borne by the Rubber Roadways, Ltd. The work is being made by the Leyland and Birmingham Rubber Company.

The superficial area of the strip to be paved with rubber is 1,500 square yards, stretching right across the Whitehall car-parkway and extending half-way to Downing-street on the Westminster side and an equal distance towards Charing Cross.

MISS EDITH SWANN.

APPLICATION FOR LEAVE TO APPEAL.

When the Court of Criminal Appeal sits to-morrow an application for leave to appeal will, it is understood, be made on behalf of Miss Edith Emily Swann, who was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment at Lewes Assizes for publishing a libel through the post at Littlehampton.

Miss Swann will also apply for leave to call further evidence on her appeal.

WINNING BACK A WIFE.

HUMAN DRAMAS: YESTERDAY'S SIDELIGHTS FROM THE POLICE COURTS.

Liqueur.—“I regret to say, sir, that my father was under the influence of liqueur,” said a working man at Willesden. Magistrate: What kind? Witness: Beer, I expect.

Fainted in Court.—After Harry Turk (31), a boarding-house keeper, of Manchester-st., W.C., was sentenced at Clerkenwell to 4 months’ imprisonment for living on her earnings and assaulting her, accused’s wife fainted.

Steals For His Holidays.—“I took it as I had no money for my holiday,” said Frederick Fennell, a Finsbury workman, pleading guilty, was remanded at Thames charged with stealing a bicycle from the basement of the London Hospital Medical school.

Over the Top.—An ex-Serviceman defendant admitted at Willesden that, being annoyed by a neighbour, he dressed hurriedly, climbed the wall, and “went for him.” Magistrate: “That is reminiscent of the other side.” I suppose you thought I was back at the war, and was going over the top, barred wire entanglements included.”

Living on the Dole.—Admitting that he owed 25 rent, a tenant told the Old-st. magistrate that his wife was going to get some work soon. Magistrate: What do you do? Tenant: I am on the dole.—Making an order for possession within 30 days, the magistrate told the man that

"Free Kicks All Round."—Applying for a summons for assault at Acton a man, with a bandaged head, said that he was smoking in his room when neighbours burst in and knocked him through the door into another room. Afterwards, he alleged, he was dragged out and the family had free kicks all round. An old lady saw it, but he could not bring her as a witness, as she had been in bed for

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